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" A JOY FOR EVER "

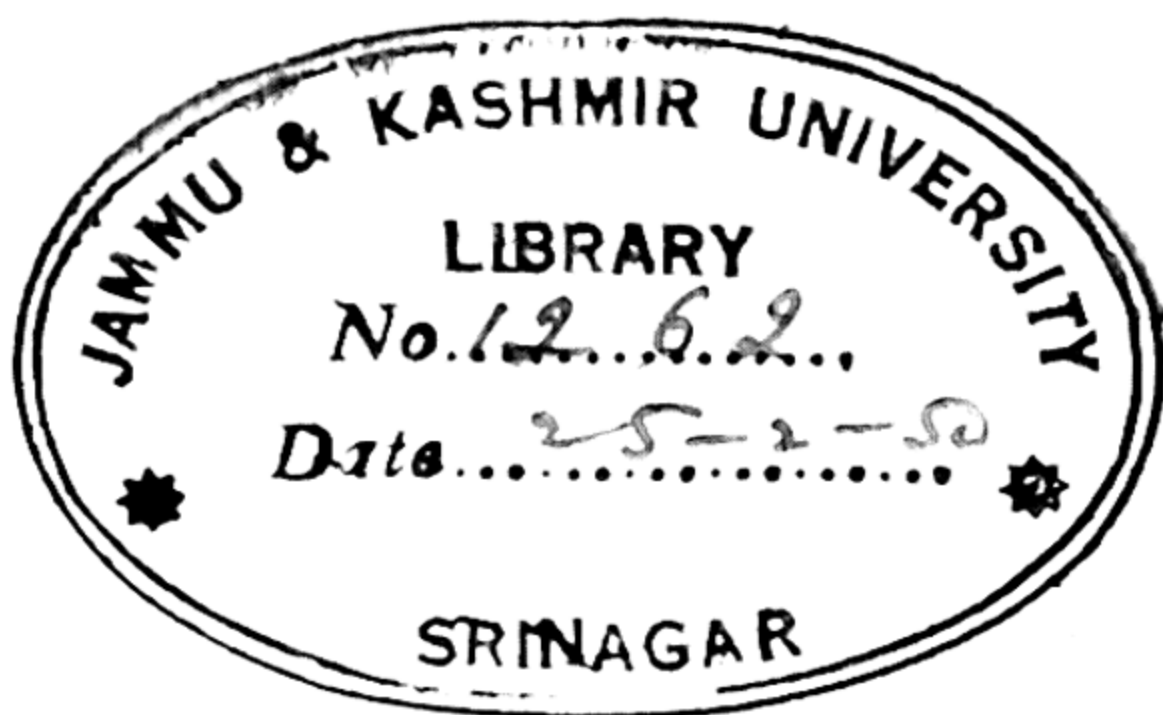
BEING
WRITINGS TO STUDENTS
IN INDIA

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By
PHILIP ERNEST RICHARDS

1946
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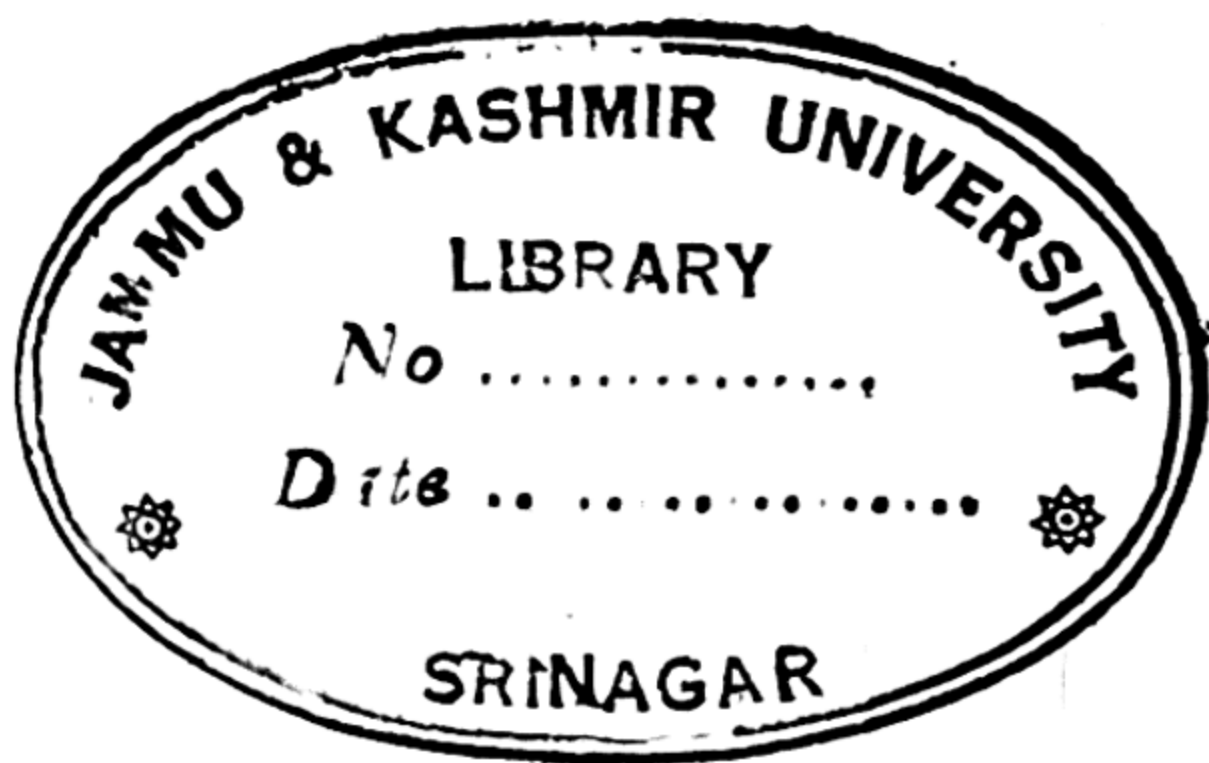
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CONTENTS

PAGE

On the Shelf

A Joy for Ever	I
Impromptu Notes on the Gitanjali	7
The Music of English Verse	12
The Philosophy of Clothes	27
A Writer and a Hero	34
An English Mystic	39

In the College

The Philosophy of Games	51
The Psychology of Public Speaking	60
College Dramatic Societies	67

In the World

A Good Man	77
The Village and the Town	81
On Being an Exception	89

Stray Leaves

The Temper of Agnosticism	99
The Religion of Walt Whitman	109
The Religion of Charles Darwin	117
A Good Temper	125
Thinking Reeds	135
A Son of Light	144
Notes	153

*If India were India
she might lead the world."*

EDITOR'S NOTE

Philip Ernest Richards passed away in 1920 on June the fourth, at Lahore. For just under a decade he had laboured devotedly for students of the Punjab in the Brahma and Islamic colleges of Lahore. The content of this volume represents a labour of love, most of it having been written for college magazines, *The Union* and *The Crescent*. "The Music of English Verse," his last completed essay, was written as an introduction to *Some Major English Poets*, a text-book compiled and annotated by himself, which was published five years after his death.

Before coming to India P.E.R. wrote frequently for *The New Age*, edited by A. R. Orage, under the pen-name of Holbein Bagman. During his first year in India he wrote a series of sketches signed H.B. recording his impressions since leaving England, evidently for English readers. They were never sent and are still unpublished. In India he contributed essays to *The Modern Review* and other Indian magazines. P.E.R. was a born letter-writer and those to whom he wrote rarely destroyed a letter, so there is a rich store to draw upon. In 1932 a collection of letters from India was published by Allen and Unwin, London, with a foreword by Alex. R. Andreae, entitled *Indian Dust*.

In August, 1911, "Holbein Bagman" sailed for India to take up the appointment of Professor of English Literature at the Dyal Singh College, Lahore. He came direct from the 'black country' of Staffordshire to the

sunlit land of the Five Rivers. The 'black country' is not black for lack of sun, except that what sun there is, is usually dimmed by the smoke of tall factory chimneys. Staffordshire is a land of coal mines and iron founderies that darken the surface of the earth with smuts and slack. In India, industrialization approaches and who knows but a 'black country' will soon arise even on the luminous plains of the Punjab. Nothing can arrest the blackening of certain tracts by the concomitants of industrialization but something could be done to mitigate that blackening which is more than territorial. The essay on Keats from which the title of this book is taken contains balanced remarks about the matter.

Rabindranath Tagore is the Keats of India. His poems also are "a rebuke to contentment with commonplace thoughts and feelings," his "immense powers of acceptance" would have enabled him to accept the blackening of parts of his country. His own Bengal, for instance, the beauty of which permeates his thoughts and feelings. The acceptiveness of a Tagore is not mere acceptance—it transforms that which it accepts. I have sometimes felt the kinship of Tagore with Walt Whitman—in substance, not in style. Whitman is often rough and rugged—Tagore never. These poets could be bracketed together or at least read together and pondered upon side by side. Whitman's "America" means infinitely more than America. In quoting him for Indian readers or hearers I frequently substitute the word *India* without impairing the sense and with enlargement of the meaning. In reading Tagore one is aware of India more than any other country and yet his *Gitanjali* found instant response in the West. There was nothing strange or alien about

it, nothing difficult to understand. Both Whitman and Tagore are universals. The incompatibilities referred to in *Impromptu Notes on the Gitanjali* between the pantheist and anthropomorphist, and between the pietist and the rationalist are reconciled by applying to Tagore what Whitman said of himself: "I am inconsistent? Very well, I am inconsistent, I am large, I contain multitudes." The acceptiveness of Whitman was also immense. It has been said of him that "he rejected nothing because he resisted nothing." It is no use resisting the inevitable, one can only overcome it. There is room in India for both Keats and the Factory, or rather for both Tagore and the Machine. They could and should be parts of a whole. This our mundane existence cannot be all beauty as Keats thought, but the sense of beauty being ingrained in the mind of a people they would possess a corrective of the inimical but inevitable accompaniments of industrialization. A 'black country' is of the surface merely, but lives are of the depth.

If India *were* India, she might lead the world. This idea occurs in a letter to Margaret Holden*. Not for me to interpret that idea. Who but an Indian could venture to say what India is and how she could lead the world. I have my own conception but I have no intention of thrusting my cogitations upon the readers of these lines. India alone can be aware of what she is in the depths and how that depth can square with the present world trend and also with the trend towards industrialization within her own borders. If India can do this without losing her soul she will have found herself and might then be in a position to lead. The idea expressed in the lines

* See end of Editor's Note.

of the letter to Margaret Holden was inspired by what knowledge of real India P.E.R. had gained through living contact, at sea; with Brajendranath Seal. The idea found spontaneous expression less than two months after arrival in India—a period filled with distractions and preoccupations of settling into new work and of adaptation to a new mode of domestic life in a new environment and a new climate. These circumstances precluded any concentrated thought of what India was in herself. No sooner had Bombay loomed in sight from the deck of the vessel upon which Dr. Seal and “Holbein Bagman” were fellow voyagers than paradoxically, India vanished—to reappear in the letter written to Margaret Holden. It may safely be said that the references to real India⁷ in the considered writings of P.E.R. were most of them reflections from the brief but close contact with Brajendranath, who himself *was* India—at least at sea! Than this contact there could have been no better preparation for the few vital years that remained to Philip Ernest Richards in the strange land that is modern India. No man loved England more than he. He was English to the very core—not British. I leave it to the reader to make the distinction, a hint of which may be found in the *Letter to Margaret Holden*.

There is an intimacy that pervades this book, not a personal one exactly, though even that is not entirely missing. These writings are written to a particular class of beings—to students, from a particular type of being—a professor. Never is the fact forgotten, nor is the writer ever forgetful of the particular students for whom he is writing. It is only to those who live by the sea, as the readers of the Students' Brotherhood Quarterly do, that

he can advise a walk by the sea waves. It is only Muslim students who can truly appreciate the delicate compliment to the Crescent moon in the essay on Keats, that appeared in *The Crescent*.

Stray Leaves, the closing portion of this book, though not written directly to students in college magazines, yet indicates the quality of the free-thinking discourse he gave to them in the classroom.

Alex. R. Andreae, in his foreword to *Indian Dust* writes of P.E.R.:

“He was many things and thought many things, but the constant element of his spirit is easily recognized and gives unity to his life. This element was “Reverence for Life” in the pregnant sense given to it by Albert Schweitzer in his *Civilization and Ethics*, though Richards himself never knew the book. “My life,” says Schweitzer, “bears its meaning in itself, and this meaning is to be found in living out the highest and most worthy idea which my will-to-live can furnish.....the idea of reverence for life. Henceforward I attribute real value to my own life and to all the will-to-live which surrounds me ; I cling to an activist way of life and I create real values.”

N. R.

Andretta

7th December, 1944.

LETTER TO MARGARET HOLDEN.*

22nd October, 1911

We have been in Lahore more than a month and every day has been like its fellow—a blaze of sunshine. No rain whatever.....Indians in native dress are extraordinarily beautiful, and their disposition is almost that

*INDIAN DUST.

of the Garden of Eden. Almost every student in the college wins love at first sight, and an affectionate relationship springs up between him and you, or her* unless you are that peculiar kind of Britisher who lives in a region as cold as the moon, or unless you are a stranger to love, and blind to the spiritual in homely form.

The city—by night ! Its people sitting at wide-open oriel windows, for two or three storeys, or on the roofs under the starlit sky ! If I were a painter, I should die. I am likely to be burned to death in a flame of ecstasy—while not overlooking much here that will have to be changed. The worst of it is, that with the passing away of India's ignorance and superstition, much of what is now so beautiful, will vanish. But India will remain ; nay, India will be revealed.

If I could tell you what India was like, I would ; but I have not the divine qualifications. As an Englishman, I am glad that this extraordinary people have been so inextricably associated with us. I do not feel in the least superior to the world here, nor yet inferior. There is a marvellous future in front of India—and she has had a marvellous past. It will be seen that India is immortal. When she has learned a few lessons from the West, she may lead the world. If India *were* India, Great Britain would not be so on top of the world as she is now—even in practical matters !

**Her* does not refer to women students. There were none in his day at men's colleges—but to N. R.,

ON THE SHELDON THE SHELDON THE SHELDON THE SHELDON

A JOY FOR EVER.

It is a dangerous adventure to write about Keats, whose poems are a rebuke to contentment with commonplace thoughts and feelings; but it is a legitimate adventure, because Keats, like mathematics, is every body's property; although not every body claims his inheritance. Many spirits are bold enough indeed to live upon terms of familiarity, almost of affection, with the differential calculus ; but who makes a companion of the *Ode to a Grecian Urn*, or the fragment addressed to Maia?

Keats is a rebuke to commonplace thoughts and feelings because he was a lover of Beauty ; which word is flattered with a capital letter because it is not merely a thing of the eyes and ears but of philosophical conception. What is Beauty? Only philosophers can say, or think they can say, in words that are not always either beautiful or intelligible; and if I was led into the mistake of saying that Beauty is the opposite of everything dull or ordinary or tedious; that it is one of the goals of Nature ; and that wherever it appears it is the sign of one or other order of Perfection, I am afraid that neither you nor I would be much the wiser. There is one useful caution, however, Beauty is not to be confounded with a pretty face, which is too often only the index of a silly mind, and wrongfully called beautiful. It is hard to imagine mighty poets giving up their lives and all their toils to mere prettiness.

Better than talking about Beauty with the capital letter is thinking about some beautiful thing. Nature seems to rest content with few of her works before she has made them beautiful. The plants, for example : every plant is beautiful in one way or another, whether it is the grass blade covering everything except the sea, the rock, and the desert ; or the banana palm, transmitting the sunlight through its elevated pale green fans ; or the banyan tree, a forest in itself, sheltering cattle and men and Persian wells beneath its grateful shade. Or, take the animals, What more beautiful than a fish until you have seen a bird ? Nature invents that masterpiece the cat ; and for fear we should think she could not do equally well a second time, she sets the dog by its side. She produces the horse, a creature all mettle and pride ; and then, not exhausted in her invention, evolves the slow and patient ox. When Nature made buffaloes with their slate-coloured backs and pig-like faces let us not be in hurry to conclude that she achieved the ugly. Let us wait until the herd are wending slowly home to the village at the end of the day, with the dust rising in a cloud over them, and they will have become an inseparable part of the Indian scene. Nature appears to have her playful moods sometimes as when she makes frogs with their discordant voices which one needs to be a frog perhaps to admire ; or crows, with their croaks (which none but the feathered could accept for conversation) ; or litte dogs which wag their tails ; and nearly all kinds of growing things. Few things grow gracefully. To this rule a remarkable exception is the moon—her crescent form is as beautiful as her full face : and other exceptions are buds of leaves and flowers. A calf is beautiful, but not so beautiful as a cow ; a colt has

not the grace and pride of its mother ; and while babies are beautiful and even sublime as Wordsworth thought them, a period of decline in interestingness sets in when the baby is growing up towards the young man. One does not notice about students of law and medicine (I dare not mention students of arts) that delightfulness which is so conspicuous a feature of pleaders and doctors, and still more remarkably visible in college professors.

A tendency towards humour in some of these remarks has not, I hope, obscured the drift of the argument. Nature is pleased with nothing—be it plant or animal, or mineral, or planet or man—until she has fashioned it into some kind of beauty, and set the seal upon it of her acceptance, for quick eyes to perceive. When she stretches the midnight sky over our heads she realises beauty, and attains one of her ends. When she lifted out of the sea the youngest of her mountain chains—the Himalayas—and crowned them with forests and snows, again beauty was born ; and the stars looked down upon perfection. In her gentlest and tenderest things, no less than in her mightiest, the same creative energy is shown. The rose is as infinite as the sea, and the humblest flowers give us thoughts “too deep for tears.” It was this all-inclusive spirit of Beauty of which Keats was the worshipper; whether found in the flowers, the mountain, the midnight sky, the speed of birds and fishes, or the human face.

He was born at a commonplace time in England, and as soon as he was old enough began to write in a way which suggested the most irritating nonsense to commonplace men. I may as well here define a commonplace man. He is admirable in a hundred different ways, but lacks the knowledge of Beauty. It is his misfortune that if, for

instance, he sees a man riding far back upon a donkey along a dusty road in the Punjab and chewing a piece of sugarcane held at right angles to his head, he cannot perceive that the man and the donkey and the sugarcane and the dust and the plains surrounding the man and the sky overarching him and a village in the distance, and the light and the atmosphere compose a picture which it is worth while going even round the world to see. To him, a man on a donkey is a man on a donkey and nothing more. This is your commonplace man, and England was full of such blindly commonplace men at the time when Keats set blind men's teeth on edge by writing:

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

There is a particular thing to be said about commonplace men—they are necessary. England owes a great deal to the commonplace men of the time of Keats who were absorbing themselves in such commonplace affairs as building factories, filling them with machines and work people, spinning and weaving cotton and wool and enriching themselves in a way which filled not only their own pockets but the national treasury. Happy is the country which has its quiver full of energetic common-place men. But it was hard upon Keats.

“A thing of beauty!” quoth the manufacturer, when somebody was imprudent enough to draw his attention to the lines which have been quoted; “I’d like him to see my cotton mill, and its chimneys smoking. And what’s that

rubbish about quiet bowers and sweet dreams? Let him wake at five o'clock in the morning in winter in the street in Lancashire in which I live, and hear the hundreds of pairs of clogged feet rattling along the pavements, and see the women with shawls over their heads hurrying in at the factory door, and the men carrying their mid-day meal wrapped up in red cotton handkerchiefs! I'd show him a thing of beauty! I'd see whether he'd sleep!" This the manufacturer said, thinking that he had proved that the world was not beautiful; and that beauty, if it existed here and there outside Lancashire, was of no account at all in comparison with cotton spinning: and at the end of his speech he walked off shaking the gold coins in his pockets with an air of virtuous, almost literary, indignation.

"Fast fading violets covered up with leaves" sang Keats: and England built more cotton mills.

"Magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in faerylands forlorn" chanted the poet, and shut his eyes—for they were not his business—to the tall chimneys with the smoke issuing from them; deaf to the chink of gold coins.

It was a good thing for England that she produced commonplace manufacturers and commonplace work people, with their hard sense, and stern lives and warm hearts; and it was a good thing for England that she produced at the same time such a different, unaccountable, perplexing sort of person as John Keats, who gave up rolling pills in a chemist's shop to sing of the sources of "joy for ever"—and to add to those sources, and to set the crown to his philosophy by exclaiming.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

This philosophy is fine but wrong ; it is only a half truth and yet it contains more truth than the whole which is known to commonplace people. Keats tried to make Beauty into the whole of human life, and commonplace people told him, that he could not. Therein they were wiser than Keats and at the same time much greater fools than he. Every man must be a wise man and a fool according to his own fashion; and Keats chose well, Nature choosing for him; and so also do commonplace persons choose well, for "Nature is justified of all her children."

Keats was one particular kind of man, and a most extraordinarily rare and valuable kind of man. If you find him so upon reading his poems you have gained a friend for life, or for at least as long as you are of your present frame of mind. If, on the other hand, Keats makes no appeal to you, do not hesitate to put him back upon the shelf. There are other poets besides Keats, and there are other things in the world besides poetry. Nothing is essential to anybody but something is essential to everybody. If not Keats, perhaps then Science, or Mathematics, or Persian or Arabic literature. All the paths of intellectual pursuits lead at last to the one goal of "joy for ever"—by means of a life dignified with the help of opened eyes and a disciplined imagination.

The Crescent, March, 1918.

IMPROMPTU NOTES ON THE GITANJALI.

The extraordinary welcome which the English Translation of the *Gitanjali* has met with is a proof that Bengal can write good poetry and that England can enjoy it. Statesmen, clergymen, and men of letters have spoken in praise of the *Gitanjali*; every critical journal has extolled it; and the booksellers have found customers asking for it in large numbers. I myself have bought a copy and broken a vow I made to abstain from extravagance.

Why this success? The *Gitanjali* shows the mind of a self-conscious poet artist; it is full of pictures of Bengal; it is probably the most intimate and faithful revelation of his own thoughts which a native of the Far East has ever afforded to natives of the West. All these are reasons why the *Gitanjali* should have "succeeded," but they are not the real reasons of its success. The real reason is the personality of the poet, half revealed and half hidden,—the author's presence felt in the charm of the style. Rabindranath Tagore uses English better than I and the majority of Englishmen can use it—better than anybody except the few literary masters. It is the style which constitutes the charm of the book—a style of extraordinary quietness, simplicity, beauty and dignity; and the secret of style is—well, those who are in possession of this secret have never yet communicated it.

The poet knows that he possesses a charm and that his charm is inexplicable—even he himself cannot explain

it. Listeners to his songs come to him and say "Tell us all your meanings". He knows not how to answer them and contents himself with replying "Ah, who knows what they mean?" His visitors smile, he says, and go away with utter scorn. But the poet has forgotten me. I have been asking his songs what they mean ever since I read them, and being unable to find the reply I have gone away not with a smile, not in utter scorn, but with a sense once more that I have been trying to solve the riddle of the world. Since the poet himself cannot explain his own meaning, the attempt to expound him will be abandoned by the best critics.

I remark, in passing, that the superiority of poetry to philosophy is discoverable in this circumstance—that philosophy is explicable (at least the philosophers profess to understand it), but poetry is inexplicable. After you have expounded a system of philosophy there is usually nothing left; but after you have expounded a poem the poem is still left, neither the worse nor the better for your exposition. Philosophy is limited but poetry is unfathomable. Philosophy seeks to explain, but poetry is that which has to be explained. The philosopher is a commentator, but the poet is a creator—and the critic is nothing!

Hear, then, what nothing has to say. The poet has scattered some meanings and self-explanations about his pages, and these **being** limited things can come within the comprehension of the infinitely little. One of the characteristics of our poet is his worship of experience, and the high value he attaches to experience of every kind. In the deepest silence of night the stars smile and whisper among themselves: "Vain is this seeking! unbroken perfection is over all." Not only the stars think so; the poet

thinks so. "Let all the strains of joy mingle in my last song.....the joy that sets the twin brothers, life and death, dancing over the wide world.....the joy that sits still with its tears on the open red lotus of pain." There is no doubt about the sincerity of this utterance: the poet has looked upon both death and pain with joy; and when he is dying himself, he would wish that his last song should be full of all the ecstasies within human experience—both of rapture and torture. He has immense powers of acceptance—the power which belongs to the pantheist: "When I go from hence let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable.....In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play; and here have I caught sight of him that is formless." This is flat pantheism and pantheism has usually been supposed to be irreconcilable with self-respect and the development of fine and eager personality. Spinoza has always had to be explained away by the opponents of pantheism; and now Tagore will have to be explained away.

Again, pantheism and anthropomorphism have been supposed to be incompatible. Tagore, however, is as much one as he is the other. "This little flute of a reed," he says, speaking of himself, "thou hast carried over hills and dales, and hast breathed through it melodies eternally new." If all anthropomorphism were as exquisite! There is one secret to be drawn to light here: Tagore is a religious man, but his religion is the religion of the artist and to his artistic moods pantheism and anthropomorphism are equally welcome. Withal, he is a devotee as well as an artist, and has a devotee's conservatism. "Let only that little be left of my will whereby I may feel thee on every side, and come to thee

in everything, and offer to thee my love every moment.” That is : *May I always be in the same frame of mind as I am now* : the petition of every devotee in conflict with the pantheist’s acceptance of every form of experience. In the preceding song the poet has deplored the entrance into his heart of passions which have disturbed his piety. He has no sooner painted himself complete pietist, however, than he shows himself as a rationalist : “Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit; here the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.” These three lyrics, representing two conflicting moods of mind, are placed in succession to each other; obviously, with intention. The poet has in himself many kinds of men clinging to many different kinds of thought: he allows to each man his voice, to each thought its expression; and finally, that which is beyond himself in him—the real poet—finds utterance. The result is something which can be felt but not interpreted. Artist, pietist, rationalist, anthropomorphist, pantheist, philosopher, poet—what is Rabindranath Tagore ?

I return to the poet’s attitude of mind towards experience. Upon some of our moments is impressed “the signet of eternity”—the child hears the footsteps that echo from star to star. The worshippinger should open his eyes and see that his God is not before him. “He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil—what harm if thy clothes become tattered

and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow." This song, by the way, exhibits Tagore in the character of a revolutionary overthrowing cults and castes and conventional goodness. It seems to me by far the most powerful song in the *Gitanjali*. The holy mantle which protects us from experience and sympathy and co-operation is not a desirable possession. When we come into this world we are as strangers to it, and when we leave this world the unknown will appear known to us. Death is like the mother's changing the child from one breast to the other. "And now I am eager to die into the deathless."

Why is it that Tagore's words about life and death are invested with an authority that is missing from the mouths of the official representatives of morality and religion? Because what Tagore has learnt, he has learnt from song. "It was my songs that taught me all the lessons I ever learntthey guided me all the day long to the mysteries of the country of pleasure and pain, and, at last, to what palace gate have they brought me in the evening at the end of my journey?"

These are some of the things Tagore has told us about himself and about the universe. These things, however, are not the whole. The best part of the poet's mind is still out of sight in the sense of being beyond explanation. Beauty is the greatest thing in the world, and these pages are full of beauty. No man ever invented beauty, nor stole it, nor came into its possession in any other manner than honestly. Where there is a creator of beauty there is a participator in the power that creates the world: and there all men are compelled to be in awe—not excluding the critics who meanwhile, nevertheless, employ their nothingness in the business of making notes.

ON THE MUSIC OF ENGLISH VERSE.

A great deal of even the most thought-laden of English poems seems to be conveyed by the sound of the verses as much as by their sense, and even more. The divine sympathy of Shakespeare's line.

Absent thee from felicity awhile
is not in the meaning of the words but in the tone with which they fall upon the ear, and in the short pause after felicity, and in the long pause upon the tenth syllable. The greatness of Wordsworth's Ode to Intimations of Immortality is not in its philosophy, which some people have thought fallible nor altogether in the grandeur of its lofty meditations.

Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
There is music in this line which conveys a loftier consolation than any sense which is explicit in it.

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

Here again the supremacy of the poem is not merely in the thought, although that is great: it is also in the solemn tone which seems to open before us the vista of an aged poet's infinite contemplations upon the long review of his experience.

Poetry reaches a profundity unattainable by prose, simply because it is more musical than prose. To miss

the music is to miss the full meaning of poetry—to be deaf to the most inspired voice (save only that of music itself) which speaks in human ears. To read poetry with only partial enjoyment of it is like going to Agra without seeing the Taj Mahal. And just as so trivial a thing as a railway ticket will take you to Agra, in the same way something so apparently trivial as a little consideration of the musical elements in poetry may help you to hold intercourse with the souls of Wordsworth and Shakespeare!

The (1) sound of words and phrases and sentences (2) rhythm (or time and metre), (3) pause, and (4) rhyme are the musical elements of English verse.

(1) All language is sound, a fact we frequently forget because we learn foreign languages chiefly with the aid of books. We learn our own language by listening to it however, not by reading it; and pronunciation and idiom are pleasures to the ear which are not to be learnt by studying alphabet and grammar. All poetry employs the sound which is called language, and language has been analysed into a variety of sounds,—vowels, consonants, syllables, words, phrases, commas, full-stops, interrogations, exclamations, and as on.

The primitive language of men probably consisted largely of imitations of the sounds which they heard around them. Imagine two primitive men who have heard the dive of a duck into a pool of water. What would they say to each other. It is almost inevitable, having keen ears, that they would say something like *dp*. Now listen to Macaulay :

Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip
In the Volscinian.

The word *dip* represents the primitive man's

'*dp* a fragment of human speech as old as man himself, still thrilling us with the vivid suggestion of the sound of the duck's plunge. (The sound of the letters *d* and *p* of course is not identical with their names, and so of nearly all the letters. The letter *o* sounds like its name in *wrote* but not in *lot*). Vocal immitation was the first language and the first poetry; and poetry is still largely imitative. It is a musical rule in English poetry, and in all other poetry as far as my acquaintance stretches, that the consonantal sounds (some of them at least) should be repeated, and that variety or sameness can be used among the vowels. The simplest kind of repetition among the consonants is called alliteration, each word beginning with the same consonant; as in the nursery rhyme.

Dickory, Dickory, Dock!

Here are meaningless sounds which please the child's ear, the essence of the pleasure consisting in the initial alliteration of the letter *d*, What I may call the veiled alliteration of the *ck*'s, the contrast between the two vowels sounds, and the shock of the *ck* at the end of the line in contrast with the soft repetition of *ory*. There is also pleasure of rhythm in the line (but of this later) and the pleasure of rhyme when it comes.

Dickory, Dickory, Dock!

The mouse ran up the clock!

The clock struck One!

The mouse ran down!

Dickory, Dickory, Dock!

I make no apology for quoting these verses, the analysis of which has not been exhausted. I can continue it no further than to point out the picture or the tale which fascinates the child. But this is apart from

my present topic, which is music. Every child who enjoys these simple sounds hears the music of language and is a born lover of poetry; and therefore there is a love of poetry hidden in us all.

To resume. Primitive poets like nursery poets make tremendous use of alliteration, and the most highly cultivated of modern poets are not ashamed of the well-managed employment of the simplest form of the device, *i.e.*, initial alliteration. Take Tennyson for instance :

The league-long roller thundering on the reef.

or Spenser :

Banisht from living wights, our wearie, days are waste

What I have called veiled alliteration is however the staple of consonantal music in modern English poems. It must not be overdone, but if it is not done sufficiently the result to the verse is not music but confusion or discord.

Look for example at Wordsworth's description of schoolboys skating: —

So through the darkness and the cold we flew
And not a voice was idle, with the din,
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron ; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed.

The melancholy feeling produced by a darkening winter landscape has never been better suggested in literature, and Wordsworth manages to convey it into his verse by the use of the letter *n*, which contributes much of its poetic value (in this context) to the word alien, and nearly the whole of its peculiar appropriateness to the

prosaic word *unnoticed*. In *din smitten* and *tinkled like iron* we have premonitory announcements of the subtle and heart-searching music of the concluding phrases :

an alien sound

Of melancholy not unnoticed.

The vowels which contrast with each other and the veiled alliteration of the *l*'s also play a part in the effect. The word *melancholy* which he was obliged to use gave the poet a clue to his consonants. In the earlier part of the passage there is a great deal of alliteration which affords a further illustration of these remarks.

In *Paradise Lost*, Milton speaks of the angels teaching the thunder how

to roll

With terror through the dark aerial hall.

Here we notice first the alliteration of the *r*'s and *l*'s, and then the fact that Milton seems to have been guided by the word *roll* (which is plainly imitative—like *dip*) to choose these letters when he desired to speak about thunder. I do not know anything finer even in Milton than the sound of the *l*'s in *hall*, echoing those which have preceded them. They prolong upon the ears the last vibrations of the thunder into their final and faintest tremors.

Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* is a feast of sound and picture, much after the manner of a nursery rhyme. Both kinds of alliteration play their part in it :—

A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover.

And later :

Five miles meandering with a mazy motion

Through wood and dale the sacred river ran.

Kubla Khan is interesting for its vowel music. Alliteration and vowel contrasts help the sonorous lines:

And mid this tumult Kubla heard from far

Ancestral voices prophesying war.

(Notice that the *c* in *ancestral* and *voices* sounds like an *s*, and the *ph* in *prophesying* is pronounced like *f* in *from* and *far*.)

The reader will find the rule of veiled alliteration prevalent throughout the whole of English verse. I have not been able to find more than a vague general rule which is applicable to vowel music. Apparently poets love to contrast vowel sounds with each other and with consonants, but we often find vowels repeated. The vowels are always carefully chosen to be in keeping with the mood of the poet. Tennyson's line

Lo in the dust of half forgotten kings.

is lovely for its vowel sounds. If any one of them is altered (as by a substitution of *graves* for *dust* for instance) the effect is marred.

But one remark more, and I shall pass on from the music of letters in poetry to the music of words. A poet does not deliberately resolve to be alliterative, except when he is polishing his lines. At the time when he is writing, his brain becomes excited, and of the many expressions which crowd upon him and are tried by his ear he half unconsciously chooses those which are best suited to his mood, rejecting the others. Psychologists have pointed out that an angry man casts out of his mind all

suggestions which tend to mitigate his anger. Our moods are self protective. In the same way a poet rejects words and phrases which lower his excitement, and adopts only those which sustain or heighten it. The result is alliteration.

It has been noticed that words like *dip* and *roll* are imitative of sounds in Nature. Poets are sometimes frankly imitative in their choice of words: a more refined art mixes imitation with suggestion. Dryden is merely imitative in his lines.

The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum.

The word *double* (do not read simply *double*; accen-
tuate the *d* and *b* sounds) is not more than the *rub-
a-dub-dub* of the nursery. Tennyson imitates and suggests
the music the music of the brook:

I chatter over stoney ways.
In little sharps and trables,
I bubble into eddyng bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

The words *chatter*, *bubble* and *babble* are imitative ;
little sharps and *trebles*, *pebbles* and the rest are a higher
kind of imitation in their context—let us call them
suggestion- containing subtle alliterations of the imita-
tive consonants. The metre also plays its part, being
short, swift and regular like the babbling of the brook.

Milton suggests brook music :—

Thyresis ! whose artful strains have oft delayed.
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal.

huddling and *brook* are both imitative words (although only a poet would have chosen the former); *madrigal* is suggestive. The *r* slides over the *d* in *madrigal* as the *l* slides over the *d* in *huddling*, like the brook water slides over the stones.

William Morris and Tennyson suggest ocean music. The former writes.

In Thessaly, beside the tumbling sea.
Here the word Thessaly seems to tumble like the waves of the Aegæan. Tennyson reminds us of the stride and sound of Pacific billows.

By the long wash of Australasian seas.
The long word *australasian* was never used with such insight into its possibilities.

These are illustrations of the rule that in poetry the sound echoes the sense. The poet chooses his words for the sake of their echoes and subtle acoustic associations and power to stir feeling. Another well known Tennysonian example is the account of the striding of Sir Bedivere in his armour over the rocks with the wounded King Arthur on his back. The passage is worth study:—

Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels
And on a sudden lo! the level lake
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Notice the rugged consonants which describe the passage over the rocks, and the instantaneous change

to the long vowels and softer consonants in the last two lines when the lake is reached.

Sound does more than echo the sense however, as we have seen in the highest flights of poetry: it conveys the sense. Music can bring forms and actions in front of us by suggesting sounds and movements with which they are associated—and words being part of music, especially when they are helped by metre, can accord with every variety of feeling. Like Wordsworth, Browning understood the musical possibilities of words which contain the letter *n*:

Only I discern
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.

This is a cry of one of his lovers, and the music of it far more powerfully than the definite statement it contains, renders it a revelation of universal human longing and disappointment.

Hence the fact that poetry is untranslatable.

(2) (3) Rhythm (or tone and metre) and pause. For an account of ordinary verse forms, the analysis of feet, etc. I must refer the reader to the pages marked Prosody at the end of his grammar. It is important that he should be able to feel the movement of verse, it is important that he should be able to assign a technical name to every kind of measure. For the sake of clearness, the remarks which follow will be confined to verses of ten syllables. One type of ten-syllabled verse is the following from Gareth and Lynette:—

The last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,
And tallest, Gareth, in a showerful spring
Stared at the spate, A slender-shafted Pine
Lost footing, fell, and so was whirled away.

The above lines are divided regularly into five feet each, of two syllables each (the first part of *showersful* is a monosyllable in pronunciation), and the accent of the verse falls regularly upon the second syllable of each foot, except at *stared at*, where the accent occurs and so lends a little variety) upon the first syllable *stared* (which in pronunciation is one syllable). The first line has no pause, the second has a slight pause before and a longer pause after Gareth, the third pauses long at the full stop. There is a slight pause in the last line at the first Comma, and a long pause after *fell* and again at the full-stop. Irregular in their duration and occurring at irregular intervals, the pauses break up the time of the lines and prevent them from becoming monotonous. Imagine the effect of four verses as smooth and regular as the first.

It is not only to their pauses however, that the lines differ from one another. There is a difference in their speed, and there is a difference in the weight of the accents which are laid upon the accented syllables. *The last tall son of lot and bellicent* moves slowly as is usual at the opening of a tale. The concluding phrase *and so was whirled away* moves rapidly in sympathy with the whirling of the pine. The accent upon the first syllable of *careth* is the strongest accent which occurs in the second line; and there is an equally impressive accent upon *fell*. These two words are in fact the most important in the quotation, the former announcing the name of the hero of the story, the latter fastening our attention upon the dramatic event. Their own importance emphasises them in this exceptional manner, but not

without the co-operation of the metre, the poet's art or instinct having chosen for them such positions in his verses as enable their importance to be fully felt. Both words occur before pauses, for example.

The above analysis can be summarised as follows :—

- (i) Good blank verse is written without monotony.
- (ii) Monotony in blank verse is avoided with the help of pauses ; and
- (iii) with the help of changes in the time of speed of verses; and
- (iv) with the help of inequalities of accent.
- (v) Accent is imposed by pronunciation and pause and meaning.

It has been pointed out already in the uses of the words *gareth* and *fell* how naturally emphatic words occurring in naturally emphatic positions augment the weight of the accent. A well-known example is Milton's

Better to reign in hell than Serve Heaven.

The strong metrical accent upon the first syllable of *better* (all the stronger for being out of place: compare *stared at*) and upon *hell* and *heaven* co-operate with and strengthens the scornful emphasis of the antithesis. If there is no strong meaning in any particular word in a line, and if there is no word of more than one syllable to indicate accent or speed, and if there is no pause—metre, and along with metre, life and movement may be lost. The result will resemble not the skilful work of Tennyson but Pope's satirical imitation of the flatness of poor work in verse-making, as follows :—

And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.
Of these "ten low words" every one is equal in time and

emphasis to every other, to the total destruction of rhythm, and to the consequent depression of the reader's feelings.

As to speed in verse music, let us listen to Pope again :—

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw.
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the
main.

In the first pair of lines above the words move alowly, in the second pair they move swiftly. By what art is this alteration from the normal speed of verses brought about?

(i) The slowness of the first two lines is produced in part by the natural slowness with which alone it is possible to pronounce most of the words in them; in part by the alliteration of the accent which is imposed by this slowness and by the meaning of the words. It is impossible to pronounce swiftly *strives some rock's vast weight to throw*. It is impossible to distinguish the final s in *rock's* the repetition of *t* in *weight to* is equally embarrassing and how am I to manage the four consonants which occur together in *words move*? Notice also that in *strives some rock's vast weight to throw* I have to form properly and pronounce distinctly seven different vowels sounds in as many syllables. My jaw begins to ache like Ajax' back at the mere imagination of the effort. As for metre, every word from *strives* to *throw* is equally accented except *to*. The meaning of the words, and the difficulty of pronouncing them, and the fact that they are monosyllables enforces this equality. And again, the ordinary alterations of accented and unaccented syllables is put aside in the second

line by the equal emphasis which falls upon *line too labours and words move slow*.

(ii) Lines 3 and 4 contain no opposition from the consonants to swift pronunciation. There is no pause. The pause which naturally occurs at the end of a line is shortened in this case by the imposition of the accent upon the first syllable of the last line. *camilla* is naturally a swiftly pronounced word (she was a servant of Diana, and had the habit of flying through the air). The accents are all light and regular (except *Flies*), and the last line contains thirteen syllables to be pronounced in the time of twelve. It is an Alexandrine, or twelve-syllabled line, such as Dryden and Pope often introduced among lines of ten syllables.

The equal emphasis of monosyllables with its retarding effect upon the verse is used by Milton in his description of the difficulties which Satan encountered upon his journey across Chaos :—

So eagerly the Fiend

‘O’er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare

With head, hands, wings or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

The ordinary beat of the verse is interrupted by the equal accents upon *strait rough, dense*, and *head, hands, wings*, and the third line repeats the monotonous rhythm which is felt in *o’er bog or steep* and *pursues his way*. The result is an impression upon us of a feeling of prolonged and laborious exertion. When the fallen angel of the same poem (*Paradise Lost*) were exploring Hell:

Through many a dark and dreary vale

They passed, and many a region dolorous,

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens and shades
of death.

The last line is monosyllabic, and the first six syllables are all accented. The slow movement (and the cunning similarities in the vowel sounds) brings home to us the uniformity in dismalness of the landscape and the difficulty of penetrating into it.

The following line makes the incessant phenomenon of which it speaks the twitching of the small parts of a company of deer almost visible :—

Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
Tennyson has added an eleventh syllable and placed an accent upon the first in order to hasten and twitch the measure *twinkled the innumerable* naturally pronounced is one of the swiftest phrases in the English language. Its many small syllables suggest an infinite number of little things, and their movement almost as invisible as that of ears and tails. So vivid an impression of this particular natural fact could not be conveyed in any other way than metrically. Metre is itself a kind of language. The same kind of artifice is used by the same poet in his description of mountain streams dividing themselves and rushing in many channels down a valley :—

Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn.
Here are thirteen syllables to be pronounced in the ordinary time of ten, the effect being that broken particles of sound seem to be hurrying swiftly from every side of us, just as we should hear them if we stood upon the soaked ground of a valley beneath glaciers in the Himalayas.

Tennyson's Elaine in the early morning, desiring to see Lancelot, comes

Down the long tower-stairs hesitating.

Stairs, says Tennyson, is a monosyllable with a pause after it. The line therefore hesitates like the maiden. Gareth and Lynette is full of these metrical sympathies.

Any one who has watched a ship in the situation which is described below by Milton will be aware when he reads, that Milton must have watched the zig-zag course by which steersmen of sailing ships have to approach land.

As when a ship, by skilful steersmen wrought

Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind

Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail.

The repetition of the word *oft* suggests the ship's following of the wind. In the pauses at the commas in the last line we can feel the change in the wind and the interruption of the ship's motion as the helm is put over and she turns her prow.

The study of such examples is an apprenticeship to the noblest music of English poetry, the music that suggests meanings that cannot be defined—such as is heard in Keats' fragment of an Ode to Maia, or May. He asks of the goddess :

May I.....

thy smiles

Seek as they once were sought, in Grecian isles
By bards who died content on pleasant sward,

Leaving great verse unto a little clan.

O give me their old vigour! and unheard

Save of the quiet primrose, and the span
Of heaven, and few ears,

Rounded by thee, my song shall die away

Content as theirs,

Rich in the simple worship of a day.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES.

Just as a lake focusses and reflects the picture of the hills and woods that lie around it, and the sky that hangs over all ; so a great writer like Carlyle focusses and reflects the thoughts and knowledge of the men among whom he lives—for whom he serves as eyes and tongue superior to their own. In *Sartor Resartus* we possess one of the earliest works in which Carlyle drew together, from many sources and expressed in an imaginative whole, the best that he himself and his contemporaries were thinking about science and politics and conduct and religion. It is a wonderful little book, revealing a great and wise man's heart and intellect, and it is still of value to men who love wisdom,

The latin words *Sartor Resartus* mean *A Tailor Patched*. In this singular title we perceive some of the humour with which Carlyle approached all the topics, great or small, of which he treated. The hero of *Sartor Resartus* is not a tailor but a philosopher ; and its subject is less tailoring than clothes considered in a very high-minded fashion. *Sartor Resartus* might be called a romance—a philosophical and religious romance—relating the life and experiences of a hero invented by the writer a hero who is shown to us as a professor in a German University, his name being Diogenes Teufelsdröckh—another indication of Carlyle's humour, meaning *Diogenes Devil's Dust*. Our interest in Diogenes Teufelsdröckh

is awakened in the very first chapter, in which Carlyle pretends to have received from Germany, and to have read with enthusiasm, a new book which Teufelsdröckh has written—an intensely learned and laboured volume entitled *Clothes: Their Origin and Influence*.

Before he tells us about the contents of this volume, Carlyle recalls all that he knows of the author, whom he professes to have met in Germany, and to have remembered with a very decided impression that something remarkable was to be expected from such a profound and silent man. Carlyle tells us how, in the largest coffee-house in Weissnichtwo—the name of Teufelsdröckh's university town, a name which translated means simply Know-Not-Where—he saw Teufelsdröckh, towards the end of an evening spent in listening to the talk of the intellects around him ; suddenly stand up, raise his tumbler of academical beer, and propose the toast:

“*The cause of the Poor in Heaven's Name and Hell's*” ! One full shout breaking the leaden silence; then a gurgle of innumerable emptying bumpers, again followed by universal cheering, returned him loud acclaim. It was the finale of the night: resuming their pipes, in the highest enthusiasm, amid volumes of tobacco smoke, triumphant, cloud-capt without and within, the assembly broke up, each to his thoughtful pillow.”

It was amid such scenes that Teufelsdröckh lived ; or in the silence of his own bachelor's attic surrounded by books, above the roofs of the university.

“Thou brave Teufelsdröckh ! Under those thick locks of thine, so long and lank, overlapping roofwise the gravest face we ever in this world saw, there dwelt

a most busy brain. In thy eyes too, deep under their shaggy brows, and looking out so still and dreamy, have we not noticed gleams of an ethereal or else a diabolic fire, and half fancied that their stillness was but the rest of infinite motion, the sleep of a spinning top? Thy little figure there, as in loose ill-brushed thread-bare habiliments thou satest amid litter and lumber, whole days 'to think and smoke tobacco,' held in it a mighty heart. The secrets of man's life were laid open to thee; thou sawest into the mystery of the universe farther than another, thou hadst *in petto*, thy remarkable volume on clothes."

For more knowledge about his hero, about his birth and bringing up, Carlyle relies upon the friendly offices of Herr Hofrath Heuschrecke; that is to say *Mr. Councillor Grasshopper*, who has promised to send along from Germany to London biographical documents. These documents in due course arrive in the shape of

"Six considerable paper bags carefully sealed, and marked successively, in gilt China ink, with the symbols of the Zodiacal signs, beginning at *Libra*; in the inside of which sealed bags lie miscellaneous masses of sheets and oftener shreds and scraps, written in Professor Teulfelsdrockh's scarce legible hand, and treating of all imaginable things under the Zodiac and above it, but of his own personal history only at rare intervals, and then in the most enigmatic manner."

Diving into these legendary bags and wrestling with their imaginary contents, Carlyle constructs with great labour something of a survey of his hero's past history.

The account of the child Teufelsdröckh's life in the village of Entepfuhl, that is to say Duckpond, in the cottage of the old soldier Andreas Futteral and his wife Gretchen is one of the pleasantest and best written parts of *Sartor Resartus*. It is possible to quote only the picture of the cottage :

“a roomy painted cottage, embowered in fruit trees and forest trees, evergreens and honeysuckles; rising many-coloured from shaven grassplots, flowers struggling in through the very windows; under its long projecting eaves nothing but garden tools in methodic piles (to screen them from rain), a king might have wished to sit and call it his.”

An account is given of the child Diogenes—how his mind opened to the sunset, to the mail coach, to the birds and four-footed creatures and all the world around him; of his school-days which were not so happy; of his university days; of his travels and wanderings on foot in many parts of the world; of his falling in love and disappointment; of the struggles of his growing reason through faith and doubt and despair back to faith again. The grave-looking and silent professor of the university of Weissnichtwo has a world of experiences behind him, and he has compressed all that he has done and suffered and learnt into his wonderful history of “Clothes, their Origin and Influence,” about which we must now be thinking.

There is much parade of learning, in Carlyle's eloquent and humorous style, about dress and costume in all parts of the world, to persuade us that such a book as this upon Clothes really has an existence. The word *Clothes*, however, in Teufelsdröckh's understanding means much

more than it does in ours. All habits and customs and laws and religions Teufelsdröckh regards as clothes—the clothes of the mind of man and the moral nature of man—nay, man's body itself is clothing: it is a vesture worn during this earth life by the spirit of man. And carrying the thought still further; the earth and the sky, the whole universe, what are they but the garment of God? Says Teufelsdröckh:

“It is, written, the heavens and the earth shall fade away like a vesture; which indeed they are; the time-vesture of the Eternal. Whosoever sensibly exists, whatsoever represents spirit to the spirit, is properly a clothing; a suit of raiment, put on for a season and to be laid off. Thus in this one pregnant subject of Clothes, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done and been: the whole external universe and what it holds is but Clothing; and the essence of all Science lies in the Philosophy of Clothes.”

These sentences are an illustration of Carlyle's mingling of seriousness and humour in *Sartor Resartus*. It is a piece of true comedy, as somebody has remarked, to show us that a cocked hat and the universe are both alike, in one respect at least; that they are both clothing: but it is with other than a humorous meaning that Carlyle reminds us of the words which Goethe puts into the mouth of the Earth-Spirit in *Faust*:

‘Tis thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply
And weave for God the Garment thou seest Him by.

Everything said so far has been description, so to speak, of the skeleton of *Sartor Resartus*—its plan and

arrangement. It remains now to bring together a few examples of the book's wealth and splendour. "Shall courtesy be done only to the rich?" asks Carlyle, "and only by the rich?"

"Nay, courtesy is due from all men towards all men. For whether thou bearest a sceptre or a sledge-hammer, art thou not alive; is not this thy brother alive? 'There is but one temple in the world,' says Novalis, 'and that temple is the body of man. Nothing is holier than this high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hands on a human body'." For this reason, Carlyle says, he would carry courtesy further than most men do :

"and whereas Dr. Samuel Johnson only bowed to every clergyman, or man with a shovel hat, I would bow to every man with any sort of hat, or with no hat whatever... ..Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse.....Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence... ..O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity thee as well as love thee. Hardly entreated brother ! For us was thy back so bent for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformedThou art in thy duty, be out of it who may ; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honour, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily

bread, but the bread of life. Is not he too in his duty?If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality?.....These two, in all their degrees, I honour; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth."

Then again there is the famous passage in which Carlyle exclaims:

"Do the duty which lies nearest thee: thy second duty will already have become clearer. You are struggling, trying to find out what you were made for, what is your task and duty and ideal in the world? Why, your duty and ideal are here, close at hand, Yes here, in this poor miserable, hampered, despised actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal: work it out therefrom: and working—believe, live, be free! Fool!—the ideal is in thyself, the impediment too is in thyself."

The business of quotation is always unsatisfactory; it is detaching parts of things from their proper places. Readers of *Sartor Resartus*, which is upon the library shelf, of the Islamia College, will find in it a store of wisdom, eloquence, and suggestion. Each will mark his favourite passages, to which he will come again, and he will find that Carlyle lived and thought so well that his voice seems to be an echo of the wisdom which no human ear ever heard, and of the spirit which from age to age, bids men cling with passion to a noble and high-minded thought of human destiny and duty.

A WRITER AND A HERO

One of the best of Robert Louis Stevenson's books is *Treasure Island*, a story which stands next in the imagination of many boys to Robinson Crusœ. *Treasure Island* has not what is sometimes spoken of as the philosophical value of Robinson Crusœ, which is as interesting to grown up men and women as to young people: it is a thrilling tale of adventure. No villains in literature were ever better described than the pirates in the first two or three chapters; no escape was ever narrower than that which befell the ship's boy in the apple barrel. The story laid a firm hold upon the imagination of the author while he was writing it. He lived for a time in *Treasure Island*, with its harbours and log house and strange visitors and buried doubloons.

The world that you and I know, however, laid as firm a hold upon Stevenson as the imaginary world of his own books. All through his life it is plain that Stevenson took account with himself, and insisted that his life should square with his conscience. It was a very exacting conscience that Stevenson had to satisfy. He thought more vivid thoughts about conduct than most men think, getting at the naked facts of things, pushing aside conventional ideas, and such veils as cowardice, timidity or vanity that hang before men's eyes. To illustrate this assertion—Stevenson falls ill: his father takes the most anxious care of him in his sick room,

providing him with medicines, nourishing foods, etc. Stevenson, however, believed that he was going to die; in which case it would be impossible for him to repay all the services that were being rendered to him during his illness. The food he took—human hands had prepared it: the very candle he lighted—human hands had made it and brought it to him. What was he doing in return for these benefits? A dying man, soon to be a dead man, could make no return. Therefore Stevenson stinted himself of the food, and refused to allow the candle to be lighted. He would die hungry in the dark. By and by however he began to get better; and the moment he felt the change he allowed everything that would expedite his recovery, to be lavished upon him, making up his mind that he would repay the debt in the immediate future by doing everything which he had to do as well as he could possibly do it.

There is a tale of him as an Edinburgh University student, wandering late at night in a fit of sickness and restlessness about the streets of the city; in the midst of which he came upon a lost and crying child, three years old. The passers-by took compassion on the child to the extent of stopping and speaking kindly, and then hurried on about their own affairs. Stevenson grew indignant with this half-hearted benevolence, and lifted the child in his arms, wrapping it in his own coat, and carrying it up and down the streets in search of his parents. His arm grew tired under the child's weight, and for a little while he claimed the assistance of a good-natured artisan. Finally, at two o'clock in the morning he left the child at a police station. Meanwhile he had been suffering from doing without his great coat.

A little later in life, Stevenson, beset with anxieties about his own future, is crossing the Atlantic in a vessel over-crowded with emigrants. He forgets his own anxieties and discomforts and habitual ill-health in caring for the emigrants—men, women and children, most of whom are poor and ignorant and quite unprepared to endure the hardships of the sea passage. Stevenson made himself a source of cheerfulness and mirth and an influence for keeping the peace. With little children, miserable families, and angry men cramped together on board ship, he played the part which Dickens failed to draw truly when he created the character of Mark Tapley.

Not less characteristic was Stevenson's sticking to the hard work of writing, through all the distractions and difficulties of his travels and illnesses and adventures. He wrote thus to George Meredith:

"For fourteen years I have not had a days real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it; written in hæmorrhages, written in sickness, written torn with coughing, written when my head swam for weakness... ..and the battle goes on... ..I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed it that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle."

It was with sincerity that Stevenson wrote the following advertisement and the comment upon it:

Wanted Volunteers :

To do their best for four score years.

A ready soldier, here I stand,

Primed for thy command,
 With burnished sword.
 If this be faith, O Lord,
 Help thou mine unbelief,
 And be my battle brief.

Into his poems and novels Stevenson puts a great deal of the moral feeling which enabled him to be a hero. Some of the best known of his fictitious characters, like David Balfour, who is the hero of *Kidnapped* and *Catriona*, have a downright way of dealing with themselves, which is Stevenson's conception of moral honesty. David Balfour, when to have kept quiet would have been safe and easy, feels himself in honour bound to speak the word which endangers his life. Look too at his reckonings with himself when he is flung into company with Catriona whom he is destined to marry. Whenever Stevenson reasons upon moral subjects he reasons well. The hero of *The Wreckers* is brought to sudden account with himself when he is living upon borrowed money and is still unable to pay his way. A friend says to him, "You think honesty is as easy as A.B.C.—I don't." That was Stevenson's feeling: moral conduct demands heroism and intelligence in no ordinary measure. And I doubt if Stevenson admired anything so passionately—unless it was a good sentence—as a perfect action. When the Roman Catholic Sisters were leaving the ship to step on shore at Molokai, and devote themselves for the rest of their lives to nursing lepers on the Island, Stevenson who saw them weeping tears of natural sorrow, said to them, "Be not sad, Ladies—God himself is here to welcome you." He went on shore himself and played croquet

with the leper children. The Reverend Mother advised him to wear gloves to protect himself from possible contagion. He declined, because he thought the sight of gloves would spoil the children's game, by reminding them that they were lepers. After he had left the island, he sent the Mother a piano for the children. His whole soul worships the self-sacrifice of the nuns. Speaking to Samnan Missionaries he said that there was no situation in life in which a man was not allowed to be a hero : and for the encouragement of perseverance he tells us "not all roads lead to Rome, only that road you have begun to travel. Or again : "What a man truly wants, that he will get ; or he will be changed in trying."

The best witnesses to the invincible heroism in Stevenson are his writings themselves : the splendid style in them ; their wonderful descriptions ; their various invention of character, thought, and incident : everything about them speaking of untiring and unflagging spirit.

The three best books of Stevenson's for Indian students to read are *Treasure Island*, which is pure adventure; *Kidnapped* which is a tale of adventure, and of friendship, and of quarrel and reconciliation between friends ; and *Catriona*, which is the sequel to *Kidnapped*. If these books are enjoyed, there remain many others to extend the reader's acquaintance both with fascinating works of art and with an even more fascinating personality.

The Crescent. November, 1915.

AN ENGLISH MYSTIC

The poet William Blake was a Londoner, born in 1757. His parents were in poor circumstances and unable to provide him with much education before he was apprenticed to an engraver, at the age of fourteen. Blake himself was always poor in money, although he lived to be seventy, and although he produced both pictures and poems which are now acknowledged to be beyond price. A fortunate event of his life was his marriage, which took place in his twenty-fifth year. His wife, Catherine Boucher, was too uneducated to sign her name with more than a cross upon the marriage register. Blake taught her to read and write, and to do many other things useful to him, so that with her power of learning and great power of loving and her brave heart to endure the blows of fortune, she became the poet's most valuable and cherished helpmate for close upon fifty years. We must think of this couple of hardworking people as living in obscurity,—upon whose heads fame was to shine after they were dead—as living in poverty and hardship, but happy and rich nonetheless. This is not to deny that the poet may have had moments of fretfulness and melancholy when he thought of his narrow circumstances and the world's neglect. He was forced upon his own resources for contentment, and those resources were ample. Blake was by temperament a dreamer and a seer, living rapt away half his time from actual things, in a world of his own visions, some of them extravagant, and some of them

apparently insane. There is a large body of his writings from which it seems impossible to draw intelligible meaning, as if the poet had been blinded and made inarticulate by an excess of revelation. But the best of his work shows him to have been unusually sane, and enables us to see upon what forces he depended for living his brave and independent existence. He was blest first of all by domestic affection. The home that he and his wife kept together was the support and sweetness of his life. Then he was endowed with a passionate love for beauty and a passionate love for justice, and with their corresponding hates. Then he had the gift of work. He said of a workman that he could well be content in spite of neglect if he knew himself a master at his work, and that he dropped every night into his shoe—as soon as he put it off, and put out the candle, and got into bed,—a reward for the labour of the day such as the world cannot give, such as patience and time were waiting to give him. Lastly, and perhaps greater than them all, Blake had the gift of faith. He believed that the world of sight and touch and sound is but the mirror or the shadow of a world beyond, this world, an eternal world, a better world, a “divine bosom” as he called it, from which we and all creatures come, and to which we and all creatures return—there to find a happier being. Blake could not live without faith, and his faith took that form of a belief in a diviner world out of which the present world is only a transitory projection, and into which we can gain admission here and now with the key of imagination. What is the poet’s song, what is a perfect picture, or a strain of music but a message from the world beyond this world and from the maker of mankind? Blake held this belief inde-

pendently of church, tradition, or dogma. It was his own, and indispensable to him. "If the sun and moon should 'doubt,'" he said "they'd immediately go out." So he warned us to see not *with* but *through* the eye. That was his own habit of thinking and perceiving. All the beauty he assembles in his poems he regards but as the symbol of a beauty which belongs to the eternal world, partly showing here its ample fulness hidden from us.

Blake began to be a poet while he was still a boy, his first collection of verses containing pieces which he had written between his twelfth and twentieth years. From this first collection of poems called "Sketches" I quote a single stanza addressed "to Summer":—

O! thou who passest through our valleys in
Thy strength, curb thy fierce steeds, allay the heat
That flames from their large nostrils! Thou O
Summer

Oft pitchest here, thy golden tent, and oft
Beneath our oaks hast slept, while we beheld
With joy thy ruddy limbs and flourishing hair.

Here is the poet glorifying Summer as we all should glorify it, seeing more *with* his eye than *through* his eye in this early piece of writing. The verses show us one of the secrets of human happiness—to live with joy and delight in the great pageant of nature that passes around us. The picture of the fierce steeds of Summer, with the heat flaming from their large nostrils is confused somewhat by the picture, that follows of Summer pitching his golden tent, sleeping beneath the oaks, and allowing men to enjoy his ruddy limbs and flourishing hair. The confusion is of the kind we suffer from when we have two pictures placed upon a wall so near together that we have

to keep glancing from one to the other. But the stanza gives us high pleasure, from the sense it arouses in us of the poet's keen ecstasy of life. Blake's thoughts pass beyond thoughts that belong exclusively to summer—they pass to the pride of the horse, the pride of the oaks of the forest, and the pride of the human figure of ruddy limbs and flourishing hair. He dwelt in imagination with these things, and by writing of them quickens our imagination of them, and imparts to us one secret of a self-dependent, brave and fortunate life. To live well it is necessary to be armed against everything that can depress or defeat a high spirit. The love of heroic beauty as Blake seizes it is a priceless defence of the spirit—companionship in solitude, joy in sadness, happiness in unhappiness. If Blake had lacked his love of nature he would not have been Blake—his years of poverty would have been poverty indeed.

Blake published his later poems in successive tiny booklets, engraved letter and illustration and decoration by himself, and bound by his wife. The two best known of his booklets entitled respectively "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience" are full of inimitable verses which tell particularly of children and wild animals and tame animals, and of green valleys and green hills, and of sun-rising and moon-rising in a quite simple manner. In the "Songs of Innocence" the world is made to appear under many of its familiar features almost as if it were a Garden of Eden. The children and the birds and the four-footed creatures are made to live together in surroundings of magic natural beauty, happy companionship, and safe-guarding love, as if all the world was innocent as a child, and no fierceness lurked in the

breast of tiger or wolf.

Little lamb.

Here I am;

Come and lick

My white neck,

Let me pull

Your soft wool;

Let me kiss

Your soft face;

Merrily, merrily we welcome in the year !

Almost all the "Songs of Innocence" are like that, a reminder of purely beautiful and loving and unharmed things, but into some of them the recollection of cruelty and terror enters, to be immediately charmed away. In the poem called "Night" it is said that when the birds seek their nests, and the moon

Like a flower

In heaven's high bower

With silent delight

Sits and smiles on the night

at that time the angels move over the places where the flocks have been feeding during the day, and

Unseen, they pour blessing

And joy without ceasing

On each bud and blossom

And each sleeping bosom.

They look into the nests, they visit the caves of every creature, to keep all from harm. If wolves and tigers tear the flocks

the angels most heedful

Receive each mild spirit

New worlds to inherit,

there being pity and immortality for sheep as well as for men in Blake's sensitive imaginings.

Blake wonders at nature's apparent cruelty in allowing one creature to prey upon another, and he thinks that in the life that follows this life, in the eternal world which is the home of animals as well as of men, all conflicts and cross-purposes will be reconciled. The lion will lie down with the lamb in the eternal kingdom, and the lion will say

Wrath by God's meekness
And, by his Health, sickness
Are driven away
From our immortal day.

In such poems Blake wrote more than mere tender fancies. The pictures he drew of happy living beings on earth, with angels watching over them, and ultimate healing and reconciliation for all in the kingdom beyond the earth, were expressions of his belief that the heart of the world is good. He believed that human nature in its depth was a reflection of the divine goodness. This faith appears in the stanzas "To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love," which say that God our Father is such, and that such is man, his child and care. It appears, again in the stanzas beginning "Can I see another's woe" :—

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh
And thy Maker is not by :
Think not thou canst weep a tear
And thy Maker is not near.

Such verses are not sentimental outpourings, but the expression of a nature to which the problem of human

joy and pain has presented itself with more than ordinary insistency.

The note of pity for children and other living things exposed to disadvantage or danger heard in the "Songs of Innocence" swells to a note of indignation in the "Songs of Experience." All human wrongs stir the passion of Blake in the poems he put forth before the French Revolution burst upon Europe, before social injustice had begun to trouble the heart and conscience of English people, but not indeed before the great French writers Voltaire and Rousseau had raised their cry for humanity. Blake was one of the pioneers of the sense of social justice and social compassion in England. He hated the poverty of the poor even before the poor had begun to complain, and he raised his hammer to smite social abuses, clenching his hands like the giant-god of old, until his fingers grew white at the knuckles.

Is this a holy thing to see

In a rich and fruitful land

Babes reduced to misery,

Fed with cold and usurous hand?

So he wrote, and some verses entitled "London" breathe even a sterner spirit. The "Songs of Innocence" are changed into the "Songs of Experience."

Mr. Stopford Brooke distinguishes very happily between Blake's trustful and submissive attitude of mind before the cruelties and harshnesses inflicted upon men and other living things by nature, and his indignation and revolt before the cruelties and injustices which man inflicts upon man, and upon beasts of the field and the forest. Blake hated anything which injured needlessly a living being, and his wrath was hot

against tyrants and oppressors, and against priest and dogmatists, whose practices and influences worked harm to body and spirit. The priest crippled the mind as the oppressor crippled the body; both injured the delight and freedom with which human beings should live, and Blake could make no peace with them. Neither would he make peace with the unbeliever whose denials diminished the glory of the universe and so diminished the joy to which faith is indispensable. His attitude towards pain and sorrow that men have to endure from natural circumstances independently of the human will is summed up in one of his later poems:—

Joy and woe are woven fine,
 A clothing for the soul divine;
 Under every grief and pine
 Runs a joy with silken twine.
 It is right it should be so;
 Man was made for joy and woe;
 And when this we rightly know
 Safely through the world we go.

Insight, although not inspiration. Common sense and heroism of the homely kind, which is the best for everyday wear.

Blake the mystic appears in the idea that imagination is the revelation of the real. The visible world is but the shadow of another and better world, of which we have glimpses in every movement of the mind which raises us to hope and admiration and awe and love. The good and the true and the beautiful are the forms within which men see God. This was Blake's fixed idea and "open secret," which made him say of his cottage at Felpham, "Heaven opens here on all sides her golden

gates, her windows are not obstructed by vapours ; voices of the celestial inhabitants are distinctly heard, and their forms distinctly seen; and my cottage is also a shadow of their houses."

The Modern Review January, 1915.

IN THE COLLEGE

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GAMES

Games hold by long-established custom and tradition a place side by side with Latin and Greek in English schools and universities, and perhaps of equal importance. The study of science and the study of living languages have thrust themselves up as new comers into the curriculums of all schools of any reputation, but no rival has yet presented itself to games, notwithstanding that the cry is raised periodically that games are appropriating more than a reasonable share of time and attention. An assistant master at a first-rate school must be a scholar, but it will increase his popularity in the school if he brings with him from the university athletic as well as academic distinction, and his double qualifications will considerably enhance his prospects of desirable employment.

The philosophy of games in schools rests primarily upon the simple foundation that the body must be cared for as well as the mind ; but there are also moral considerations—if indeed regard for the human body, the king of living forms, is not in itself a morality—and there are considerations touching discipline and the organised use of leisure.

A typical English father, who is in the habit of thinking, reflects that his son at school will gain a necessary scholarly **technical** training in the class room, but that in respect of other and profounder elements of education, in respect of **courage and kindness** and many other traits of character, the

playing-field will stand his son in better stead. The best educators in manly bearing for boys are other boys, and the best opportunities for bringing boys in touch with each other to mutual advantage are provided by the cricket field, or the football field, or the river. The head master of any large school in England deliberately fosters the athletic side of school life, for the sake of the physical qualities of health and endurance and a lively spirit, and for the sake also of many moral qualities which are hardly to be obtained where these physical qualities are lacking. Along with the boon of health, moreover, the games bring the boon of organised activity, and provide a sphere for the development of conduct and social understanding—in the narrow sense of the term—while they relieve the responsible authorities of the care of the boys' unoccupied hours. The sentiments of comradeship in the school sports and of admiration for common ideals of physical tone and athletic prowess are deliberately preferred by heads of schools as healthier bonds between boys than sentiments more endearing; and intellectual friendships are held in lower estimation than those that have games for their basis, for fear of the besetting danger of priggishness. In an English school a boy should not be too thoughtful or too much given up to his books. A boy of intellectual leanings is apt to be isolated from his fellows whose thoughts are set upon the common life which tastes better to them and does more for them than their studies. A boy who goes to his solitary thoughts more than to companionship for his impressions is liable, if he is an English boy, to suffer as Shelley suffered at Eton, or to find himself as much out of his right place as Gibbon found himself at Oxford.

The genius of the English people, who are a race of solvers of practical problems rather than of abstract thinkers—although the latter are never wanting among Englishmen—shines out in this habit of going to life rather than to books or to thought for the springs of character and intelligence. To share in the common feelings of one's equals in age and experience is to be enlarged as well as limited. It is a solid achievement to be what one is, and who ever realised himself apart from social activity? The English boy, guided by instinct and not by reason has arrived at his own peculiar way of being himself, and has evolved a sphere of action and a code of conduct which, if one wishes to understand him, must be accepted in good faith. The touchstone by which he tries himself and his fellows is his ideals of "good form". There are those who comply with "good form" and there are those who fall beneath it and get called "sneak" or "cad" or "rotter" or by some other name which expresses the schoolboy's sense of disgust. A "sneak" violates "good form" by betraying his classmate to the authorities, a "cad" behaves in an underhanded or ungenerous way to his fellows, and a "rotter" is one who fails to take schoolboy ideals seriously—cricket, for instance. There are at least two sides to "good form" which belongs equally to the relations of boys with their superiors and with their pastimes. One side of "good form" demands that all things shall be done properly—that the cricket-bat shall be held straight, that the oar shall not be held clumsily; the other side can be summed up in the idea of loyalty to one's schoolmates and to the bearing which one's schoolmates require for one in all things. It would be bad form, for instance, to challenge an umpire's decision in

a cricket match, or to deal a foul blow to an enemy in a football scrimmage. It would possibly be still worse form to speak disparagingly of one's school in public, or to do anything to lower the estimation in which the school is held.

The football field and the cricket field, to which he is naturally attracted, confront the English boy with the practical problem of contriving to agree and co-operate with his fellows. Achievements of peace and war are only possible to a nation whose sons have learnt the arts of tolerance and co-operation, compromise and loyalty, and the sinking of egotism. There is a large truth in the saying that "the battle of Waterloo was won upon the playground." The schoolboy learns to set the game and the school above himself. It is his ambition to be among the best players in the school, and to be chosen to be a member of some team which represents his own school against other schools. He is aware, however, that more than his own pride or vanity is at stake ; that it would be better for the school that he should not be chosen if a better champion than himself is forthcoming ; and high as arises his ambition, his love of the school rises higher still. He can bear to be surpassed without envy, and to be set aside without murmuring. He can cheer heartily at a rival's triumph, he can mourn for his school when his rival fails to do as well as is expected of him. He enters seriously into his sports ; and yet, when put to the question, they are but sports to him. Or if these lessons of self-restraint and proportion are not fully realised while the boy is undergoing them, they bequeath their impression, of which the man in later life can scarcely but become clearly conscious.

The common expression "it is not cricket" shows the deep mark set by their games upon Englishmen. Any mean or underhanded action in the business affairs of life, any seizing of an unjust advantage, any breach of trust or of the laws of fair play, is stigmatised in the saying quoted by men who have long ceased to be school-boys.

The love of their school becomes a very real kind of religion among English boys—among boys, that is to say, who belong to the better sort of schools above the primary. "Floreat Etona," "May Eton flourish" the motto of a great school, has been heard upon the battlefield. An English novelist recently wrote a book steeped in love for Harrow, the rival of Eton; and "Tom Brown's schooldays" shows what an "old boy" could feel for Rugby. At Eton or Oxford, however greatly a particular master or a particular professor may be worshipped by boys or undergraduates of an exceptional temperament, the love of the school or the college includes much more than the love of any prominent idealised personality. There is the sentiment of the place the school or the college buildings with their antiquity; the playing ground; the surrounding country, and so on and there is the sentiment of the life lived in the place in common with one's fellows, which make up the mass of feeling of attachment. In boyhood this feeling is bred by the eager life of which games form so large a part. "The happy days of childhood" mean for many Englishmen, when they mean anything, the eager days of common interest and common participation in sports and pastimes shown against a not less useful background of task-work at a public school. Many a graduate of Oxford who

loves the grey towers and green fields he has left as he loves few other recollections, finds that his feelings respond most keenly not to the thought of his intellectual struggles and academic successes, but to a chance memory bequeathed from some happy hour of companionship in exercise, when he saw, it may have been, the mists of a winter evening gather low upon the river, and heard the voice of the cox travel far across the level meadows as he called "Ease Ho."

The school sentiment sometimes finds expression in school songs, and in this respect no English school has been more fortunate than Harrow. It was an assistant master of Harrow, Mr. Edward Bowen, who wrote the immortal football song entitled "Forty Years On," which was set to rousing music by the Harrow School Organist, Mr. John Farmar. "Forty Years On" is a song of mingled joy and sadness, hope and memory, courage and regret, ambition and piety and all this evolved out of football. "Forty Years On" sing the Harrow boys in their college hall.

Forty years on, when afar and asunder

Parted are those who are singing to-day,
When you look back and forgetfully wonder

What you were like in your work and your play—
Then it may be there will often come o'er you

Glimpses of notes, like the catch of a song ;
Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,

Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along,
Chorus : Follow up ! Follow up !

Till the field ring again and again
With the tramp of the twenty-two men—

Follow up! Follow up!

Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,
 Bases attempted, and rescued, and won,
 Strife without anger, and art without malice—

How will it seem to you forty years on?
 Then, you will say, not a feverish minute
 Strained the weak heart and the wavering knee.
 Never the battle raged hottest, but in it,
 Neither the last nor the faintest were we!

Chorus.

O the great days in the distance enchanted,
 Days of fresh air in the rain and the sun,
 How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
 Hardly believable, forty years on!

How we discoursed of them, one with another,
 Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
 Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
 Hated the foe with a playing at hate!

Chorus.

Forty years on, growing older and older,
 Shorter in wind as in memory long,
 Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
 What will it help you that once you were strong?
 God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
 Games to play out, whether earnest or fun,
 Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
 Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on!

Chorus.

In prose the author of the football song speaks as follows:

“Consider the habit of being in public, the forbearance, the subordination of the one to the many, the exercise of judgement, the sense of personal dignity. Think again of the organising faculty our games develop. Where

can you get command and obedience, choice with responsibility, criticism with discipline, in any degree remotely approaching that in which our social games supply them? Think of the partly moral, partly physical side of it; temper of course, dignity, courtesy. When the match has really begun, there is enlargement of horizon; self sinks, and common good is the only good; the bodily faculties exhilarate in functional development; and the make-believe ambition is glorified into a sort of ideality. Here is boyhood at its best, or very nearly at its best When you have a lot of human beings, in highest social union and perfect organic action, developing the law of their race and falling in unconsciously with its best inherited traditions of brotherhood and common action, you are not far from getting a glimpse of one side of the highest good. There lives more soul in honest play, believe me, than in half the hymn-books.

All creatures play, and we may presume that all creatures derive benefit from so universal a practice. A good game played generously raises the player above his egotism, and makes him for an hour or so a freeman of a larger life. Wherever men meet in self-forgetfulness such as honest associated sport can bring, the miracle of the passage from the narrow self to a closer relation with the universal self is transacted. Laughter sets free the soul; keen effort in company and brotherhood has the same effect; and men get to know each other and to fuse their natures in the laughter—whether heard or unheard—of a game. Wordsworth traced his most abiding impressions from natural surroundings to moments of excitement kindled by play or sport or companionship. It was part of Wordsworth's peculiar message to the educator that both

the love of Nature and the love of our fellows enter into us most vigorously and permanently when excitement of some kind has stimulated the receptive faculties—whether the excitement be the effect of exertion, or of laughter, or of terror, or of pain. For the highest philosophy of games we must go to this poet who, without the aid of play in his boyhood, would have been no lover of Nature, and would have possessed no living religion.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PUBLIC SPEAKING*

A Digression

I have often asked myself such questions as ; How do men help each other ? and How do men help their country ? and I have done so more than ever since I came to India ; for I live in a university in daily contact with several hundred young men, every one of whom seems to be impressed with the idea that he must help others, and with the idea that his country expects help from him.

I am frequently asked to help young men by presiding at their meetings, or even by delivering addresses, and I hope I comply with a reasonable measure of willingness, notwithstanding the low estimate I am compelled to set upon my own performances as a chairman or a lecturer. The important point is that the young men should have their meeting ; and if they are somewhat disappointed in the speech I have to offer to them—why, there are many things we go to meetings for besides speeches. I please myself best upon these occasions if I fall, without intending it, into a vein of humour. I feel that humour is a way of helping our fellows, and I am sure that a widespread sense of humour is a very valuable thing for a nation. It helps it to take wide views. To speak more particularly, humour is an emotion ; and meetings are held with the primary object of stirring up emotion.

Why do meetings aim at emotion ? Because emotion is the means of drawing men together. "It is the shortest

*This essay appeared in a Bombay student magazine under the title of " Upon Helping the World."

pathway into intimacy," says a young English novelist, E. M. Forster. Meetings establish a physical contact between men, but a real meeting does more than this, it establishes a contact of feeling and never without human benefit unless the feelings are sentimental or unreal.

We have all heard the speaker who tries to work himself into a passion, or beat up emotion, and I hope we have all been wise enough to look upon him with the proper feelings of abhorrence and pity. This is why I valued humour at a meeting. Of all the feelings excited by a public discourse humour is the least likely to be affected or put on; and once its beneficent influence has begun its work, all men have been drawn closer together. Of course, humour should not be all the speaker has to contribute. He should be in earnest about something or other, but his earnestness will find a better opportunity after the way has been prepared by humour. Strongly as I feel this, however, I do not advise every earnest man to try to turn himself into a humourist! Let every speaker be what he is—if he is anything at all except some sort of an imposter—and a meeting can get on very well with him for a certain length of time.

What has all this about emotions to do with the question, How we help our fellows? I can explain in a few words. I have referred to the man who when he is making a speech, tries to work himself into a passion and beats up emotion—the play-actor of feeling. This fellow, I said, should be pitied and abhorred—but not without understanding. It is the desire to be impressive, in other words *his desire to help others*, which has made a false man of him. His aim is right enough, but he has

chosen the wrong way to reach it. He has tried to do too much of his own power, and has not been content to let nature work instead of him.

I will now be guilty of an undoubted digression into the psychology of public speaking, from which digression I will afterwards try to rescue myself as well as I can. The best public speaker is the man who comes down to the meeting *not knowing what he is going to say*. I could support this seeming paradox by quotations from the illuminating confessions of several speakers, who seldom fail to grip an audience: but I am more interested in the statement itself than in your belief in the statement. It does not mean that the speaker approaches his audience with a mind unprepared. No: the great speakers are preparing their speeches with every moment of life which enlarges their knowledge and deepens their passions. It is in the every-day world of thought and action that they are at work preparing their speeches, though not a sentence may suggest itself to them: the moments during which their speeches are delivered are their moments of release. Thought and passion having been at work a long while in the speaker's brain and heart, at last he meets his audience; and the moment for expression and release for all that pent-up material having come, he puts before his fellows what he feels and knows in such order as suggests itself to him while he is upon his feet, and hence every word is living and spontaneous.

The speaker, in short, while he is speaking, does little of himself; he relies upon his thoughts and passions and he allows these to act for him. He has forgotten himself, and is as much taken by surprise as his audience by the manifestation of his own flashes of vision and

emotion. He never heard his speech before he spoke it; and his act is indeed *a speaking*, not a remembering of carefully numbered slips of paper, or an exercise of recitation. These last are the resource of the man who wants to do things of himself; and by the failure of his effort, he must know that he is not taking the right way to be of help to his fellows.

By means of this digression then I arrive at a rule: If you wish to help your fellows by making speeches to them—and singularly enough, this is a very effective means of help—*live eagerly*. Forget yourself, and even your own aims to be a useful human instrument; forget yourself, by plunging into some piece of real life—some study; or a walk by the sea waves; or your relations with wife and child; or earnest talk and discussion about serious affairs with ardent companions. When you have gained real knowledge and constant feelings, then you will be able to speak—if ever you are intended to become a speaker.

From the rule just laid down we can go on to another. *We are not enabled to help our fellows by the mere desire to help them*. We must grow into something better than a boy who lacks experience before we can be really useful. Too much of the desire to help, by confining the feeling to ourselves, will hinder our object. What should we think of a lion who could be helped by a mouse and what respect could we have for mankind if our own efforts counted for a great thing to them? The strong desire to help usually implies egotism and blank ignorance of the problem. Do you set up to be my benefactor? Do you imagine you could help me? When I count over my real helpers, how few they have been! and yet the volun-

teers have been numerous! I never, for my own part, profess to be able to help anybody. I have too much respect for my fellows to run forward with my offers of service. I hate people who *wish* to be kind: I would rather encounter cruelty; and yet, I have encountered great and sweet kindness in Bombay and elsewhere, and this essay is in part an expression of gratitude for it. Moreover, I put forward the intimation of a hope on behalf of myself that I am not altogether useless. When do I then consider myself useful? Not when I attend meetings for the sake of this good cause or that; not when I deliver an address to this or that society with utility upon its programme, but when I am at work—in plain words, when I meet students in a college period and open a book and say, “Where did we get to, gentlemen? Oh yes, the word *solecism*. Now the meaning of the word *solecism*.....”

And what is true of me I am bold enough to imagine is true of you also. If you are ever to help the world you must be useful; if you are to be useful you must have some work to do and do it thoroughly. People set my teeth on edge when they talk about noble ideals and a life dedicated to them. You can see them admiring themselves as they speak. True, there are noble ideals, but what do these people know about them? The ideal has its habitation in the commonplace. That is to say: virtue is a grind, disinterestedness is hard work, and utility is such a difficult path of life that it is not to be spoken of lightly. The maxim upon the lips of the flattering orator is *self-sacrifice*. How dare any man speak of this thing? When you hear that word I beseech you look upon the speaker and ask yourself if he ever laid the smallest burden upon his back for anybody. There are few of us who can lay

claim that we have sacrificed ourselves ; and yet in every hour of honest work we have done, we have *been* sacrificed.

And this is the kind of virtue I preach and, to some extent, practise. Not self-sacrifice, which is beyond me, but the being sacrificed by involuntary excess produced by eagerness at one's work. Find something to do, and love doing it so well that you cannot stop doing it. You will then actually be useful, and if you do not think that you have achieved great things, it will be all the better for you.

The ideals of youth are pretty frequently cheap ideals, and the desire to be of use as often as not means the desire to be conspicuous. The ideals of youth fade away into what are usually supposed to be the dull lights of middle age. Entering, like a novice, upon that shadowy region I am surprised to find that the diminution of sunlight and of starlight is not so great as it was reported to be. True, the idea of myself as some sort of a hero has forsaken me : the idea of some great work, some labour of Hercules, bequeathing me an immortal name has gone. I am just plain, ordinary Professor Richards, and I find even the humble title of Professor a little appalling. All these things I have lost, but I do not reckon myself any the poorer. In the place of the grandiose vision of myself I have now mankind. The scheme of helping the world by unaided effort has retired in favour of the humbler desire to perform my own small part in the co-operative and countless effort of humanity. In short, as I have shrunk, the world has grown greater, and it is not I who help the world, but the world who help me !

Such is my wisdom at this dawn of the middle age

of my life, and I did not find it out for myself; it was forced upon me, as the wisdom of life forces itself upon most of us. I am able to offer the patient reader of this article the advice to live eagerly and self-forgetfully in doing something with all his power. Mankind achieve their ends not by planning but by unconscious co-operation: and the way to help the world is for each of us to turn himself into a lover and knower, and to take up his task, and—whatever is he has to do—to do it thoroughly.

The Students' Brotherhood Quarterly Bombay. March, 1914.

OF COLLEGE DRAMATIC SOCIETIES.

The College Dramatic Society, instead of being dis-
countenanced by persons in authority when it fails to
satisfy the highest kind of criticism, should be encouraged
to convert itself into an educational instrument. There
are two ways in which this can be done, provided that
a Director can be found for the Dramatic Society with
the root of the matter in him. Firstly, by performances
of Shakespeare ; secondly, by the acting of plays which
students write for themselves. We will review these
possibilities in the above order.

The production of a Shakespearean play involves a
many-sided education for almost every body who lends
a hand to the enterprise, provided, once more, that the
Dramatic Society is placed under capable supervision. In
the following notes we shall take alternately the point of
view of the Director and of the student as convenience
suggests.

Let it be assumed that there is a College Dramatic
Society, consisting for the most part of raw recruits, and
that the proper member of the staff has been found to be
put in charge of it. We will assume also that a comedy
of Shakespeare has been mooted, rejected and finally
decided upon. The first difficulty and the first educational
opportunity will consist in the allotment of parts. Several
young actors will put in rival claims for the principal
roles in the piece, and they will learn that the matter is
to rest, after a survey of personal qualifications, in the

decision of the Director. Some will take their inevitable disappointment so badly that they will withdraw from the cast, which will have to be reconstituted. The disappointed young aspirants will have learnt that they are not indispensable—a salutary shock to uncritical ideas. The more reasonable members of the team may have reflected that “the play is the thing,” rather than personal vanity. There are not too many opportunities in college life for the correction of egotism. One or two of the players upon whom the Director’s choice has fallen will be developing swelled heads. Cold compresses are in store for them.

The next great difficulty is punctuality at rehearsals. The unpunctual actors will have to be reformed or weeded out ; and after this has been done, and the vacant places filled up again—not without more moral experience—the hard work can begin.

Everything, it appears, has to be done thoroughly or the play is better abandoned. And a number of things have to be done of which nobody but the Director had contemplated the necessity. The one grind which was anticipated—the mastering of our parts by heart—we are forbidden to undertake for the present. Book in hand, we assemble about the Director, and are bidden to read with point. This involves instruction in the meaning of the text wherever it is obscure to us, and secondly—drill in emphasis. We suspected that our tongues might be faulty, it is astonishing to find that our ears are even in worse case. We are deaf men as well as stammerers. It is one thing to listen, it is another thing to hear and eventually to imitate. Tones of voice have to be practised, phrases to be echoed, accents to be

corrected, until we come at last to vowels and consonants. Commas, semi-colons and fullstops must be pronounced. Silence must be made audible. What we underwent in our school days was a trifle compared with our present discipline. We are delayed for several minutes until one of us can say "*as often as*" instead of "*as often as*". *All*, *ball*, *pall*, *call*, we learn are not English sounds as we pronounce them ; and if we drop out an inconspicuous *a*, *an* or *the* in the form of ten syllabled lines we are informed that we are ruining the metre. These and many more unexpected and hindering details are thrust upon us—who thought that acting was so delightful a pastime, so easy a grace, so fluent a self-abandonment to the promptings of unerring genius.

After what may briefly be described as the difficulties of point and pronunciation have been grappled with, we are permitted to learn our lines by heart—if it is necessary. But we are informed that verbal exactitude comes to an intelligent actor by the exercise of attention and consideration, rather than by mechanical repetition. Some of us have the good luck to find that we know our parts before we have learnt them.

This is a little of what the amateur actor begins to realize for himself in the course of the earliest rehearsals ; and perhaps we may perceive also a little of the strain which the Director is imposing on his own energies in these patient dealings with the sounds which are the soul of Shakespeare. Bad pronunciation and false emphasis are often inaudible to the beginner until the Director has imitated them with the artful aid of caricature. Students, prompt to take

up a joke, laugh at the delinquent, who has learnt to laugh at himself.

Along the painful pathway of vocal exercise the Director is leading his company towards some comprehension of the soul of Shakespeare. He is teaching pronunciation, tone, point, rhythm, verbal ecstasy, in a series of two-hour periods, which will stretch over at least seven weeks. And his class is much less unmanageable in its dimensions than the literary classes which he meets in the college lecture rooms, if he is a professor of English. Attention is secured to the individual in the things which matter most of all.

But to return to the rehearsals. The Director, we find, carries a little copy of the play interleaved with maps and diagrams which he has drawn himself. Each scene has its map, each entrance and exit of an actor its arrowy diagram. One cannot go on and off the stage just where one **likes**. And one **cannot** group oneself or walk about **just** where one thinks fit. The Director has a picture of us in his mind's eye, and we must conform to it. Sometimes our meetings resemble what we have conjectured or dreamed of dancing lessons. Hands and feet, heads and necks, even our knees are told what not to do. A college play is a painful thing !

Another preconception to be abolished is our belief in the necessity of painted scenery and superabundant stage properties. It appears that the play is more important than its apparatus ; that the picturesque backcloth which our instincts have postulated interferes with the imagination of the spectators—although they know it not—whereas a plain curtain or a strip of chattai leaves

it free. We were right in attaching importance to costume, though we scarcely did so in the Director's way. He plunges into histories and pictures in the search of correctness, and says something now and then about taste and harmony, and ridicules the idea of silks and satins. Ordinary cotton stuffs cut up, and stitched and dyed in the Director's compound will serve our purpose even better than the more expensive materials, could we obtain such. He institutes a censorship of pyjamas and shirt collars. Not a vestige of white linen must be visible above or below our dramatic vestments. Students who wear sweaters because they are cold must have them dyed to harmonise with their skins. The colour of my doublet has been chosen to match another fellow's jerkin and we are both to be used as foils to a group of exciting contrasts. The Director advises me that my doublet is a symbol of my nothingness in myself, but a pledge of my existence as a relative utility. I am a cancelled factor. My voice but responds to another voice ; my costume is part of several other fellows' costumes ; my position on the stage is diagrammatically regulated by several other people's positions ; and my secret wishes to do public justice to the lustre of my abilities are strictly subordinated to the play as interpreted by the Director ; who himself professes that he is carrying out the intentions of William Shakespeare.

Committees are chosen to look after handbills and other advertisements, and newspaper paragraphs, and the hiring of chairs and lights, etc., for the theatre. The Director appoints a property manager, a master of the robes, and for such of the performers as have not entered sufficiently into the spirit of an actor to make up their

own faces, a make up man. A call-boy is needed, and two of us are told off to look after the curtain. Accounts have to be kept, inventories rendered, costumes neatly folded and arranged. Somebody must see that everything is in its place for when it is wanted. The duties of the scene-shifters are allotted and rehearsed; and no humble office is too humble for the loftiest of us to be required to stoop to it. Every actor is expected to be prompt and willing and good tempered, as well as perfect in his part. Such is the Director's preconceived idea, of which we have to endeavour not to disabuse him.

At this point we part company with the student. If only half of what he has said were true instead of the whole of it, he would have demonstrated amply the educational possibilities of a College Dramatic Society. I should like to call him back for a moment to ask whether he considered that addiction to his studies would have taught him so much about Shakespeare and about a hundred other things as this seven weeks' vacation from them. He might answer that the college period had gained in value for him since he became a player. I will say for him that before he joined the Dramatic Society he had read in books that Shakespeare was the greatest of all English dramatists. He now knows—and many of his recent companions share his feeling—that he would rather act in a Shakespearean play than any other kind of play with which he is acquainted. His Dramatic Society next year will vote for Shakespeare with conviction.

Perhaps all plays which are prescribed for study in a University ought to be acted by a College or a University Dramatic Society. Perhaps we can learn little more of plays without seeing them acted than we can hear of

music by reading the score and never going to a concert. College and University Dramatic Societies ought to be carried on not only for the sake of the audiences but for the sake of dramatic art. The fact is easily lost sight of, that young men are commended to the study of Shakespeare, not only in order that they may get to understand him, but also in order that many of them—the more the better—may take to the writing of plays. A University is very properly described as a mother of arts ; and the art of writing plays is just as much one of her responsibilities as the art of composing essays, or the art of literary criticism. Perhaps public opinion in a University ought to compel all students of dramatic literature to become members of one or another Dramatic Society so that they may be rendered not only more intelligent in the understanding of plays but also more capable for the task of creating them.

This brings us to the second and briefer part of our subject. We can conceive that one of our own college Dramatic Societies, having grown legitimately a little tired of acting Shakespeare, might call upon its own members to supply it with plays for the coming performance. Venturing a little more boldly with our imagination, we can conceive pens setting to work and painting pictures of present day life in the Punjab, in a language of the Punjab, of popular appeal to a Punjab audience. It is not beyond the bounds of immediate possibility that the Society might produce an interesting play or two—the thing in fact has been done—and if the effort were sustained, it might bear unexpected fruit in the demonstration that a University can bestow even a greater

boon than a degree ; that the Dramatic Society is to the student of drama what the laboratory is to the chemist ; dissection to the biologist ; experiment to the physicist ; and practice to all men who set life above the knowledge of books.

Punjab Educational Journal 1920.

IN THE WORLD.



A GOOD MAN

Student—May I come in ?

Professor—Since I am not busy just now, I am in a good temper; and you may come in.

Student—Are you not always in a good temper ?

Professor—Not always. Have you not noticed that fact ?

Student—I notice that sometimes you are glad to see me, and sometimes you are not so glad to see me.

Professor—Good boy. When I am busy my words are abrupt, my reception I am afraid is even rough. But which do you prefer : an honest professor or a smiling professor ?

Student—I will think it over.

Professor—Good boy again. Meanwhile, what brings you here ?

Student—I want to ask you how I should behave.

Professor—All you students ask me that in one way or another. Am I a standard of behaviour ?

Student—Yes. No. Yes. I mean No. I mean it is proper to ask you such a question.

Professor—Very well, if it is proper for you to ask, it will be proper for me to answer you; and for a beginning: Why have you not shaved this morning?

Student—My bath, my excercises, my books.....

Professor—Very good: neglect none of them, but I understand you wish to go to England ?

Student—Yes, I do.

Professor—Very well, I will give you one piece of advice.
Never appear with an untidy chin. Be always
shaved or else wear a beard.

Student—But this a trifle.

Professor—Yes. I wished to be useful to you. Perhaps
no man can be intentionally useful to another
except in some trifling way.

Student—But I wished to consult you about more im-
portant subjects. What should be the aim
of a student?

Professor—To be a student.

Student—I am already a student: but I want to know
how to be a student in the very best way.

Professor—What are you most interested in?

Student—Biology.

Professor—Very well, learn all the biology you can.

Student—But what about my moral behaviour?

Professor—There is nothing more moral for a biological
student to do than to learn biology.

Student—But I must keep out of wrong-doing.

Professor—Of course you must: and biology will help you.
If you have a real love of biology that will
be a safeguard to you. Men only keep out
of harm by getting actively into good—and
biology is good.

Student.—But what about my duty to my fellows?

Professor—Ask your talents. Your talent seems to be
for biology.

Student—Yes, but do a man's talents make him good?

Professor—I do not know of anything else that will make him good : using now the word *talents* for all the gifts of a man : for his affections, for instance, as well as his intelligence.

Student—Then a good man is a man who uses his talents?

Professor—I know of no other kind of good man.

Student—Then it is not so difficult as I thought to be good.

Professor—Oh ho, isn't it? I take just the opposite view. To discover what one's talent is, and to cultivate one's talent, and give it room in the world seems to me just the most difficult thing of all. If you have really found your talent you are a fortunate young man. That as a rule puzzles most people. They never take this first step.

Student—Then there are very few good people in the world

Professor—That I am afraid is true.

Student—But everybody talks of goodness.

Professor—Yes, everybody *talks* ; but only the useful people who seldom talk are really good. The others are aspirants to goodness, recommenders of good behaviour to their fellows: I hope you will be something better than that.

Student—By being a biologist?

Professor—Yes, by being a biologist.

Student—But sir, there must be more good people in the world than you have allowed.

Professor—Agreed, my boy. Every good citizen is a good man: every good father; every good mother. Much good work gets done in the world every day, and good work can only be done by good men and women. “By their fruits ye shall know them.” If I have contradicted myself it is only for your sake. You want to do good work, and the work for you to do is the work of the biologist. By and by I hope you will make a good citizen as well. But in the meantime give yourself to Biology.

Student—Sir, what is your talent? Do you consider yourself a good man?

Professor—A messenger has just come from the Principal, and this conversation is at an end.

The Union. May. 1912.

THE VILLAGE AND THE TOWN.

(*A rejected Masterpiece*)

Dear Mr. Editor,

Reading of the One-Act Play competition in the columns of your highly esteemed journal, I at once wrote off the following dialogue, to carry away the prize. I made sure of succeeding, but to my intense astonishment my dialogue has been returned to me with the intimation that I am not the winner! I am at a loss to account for such a result, except upon the supposition that the examiner's mind is by no means infallible. This painful experience, joined to another shock I have received at the recent House Examination, has gone far to shake my faith altogether in examiners—a feeling greatly strengthened in me also by an article that appeared in your last number. The name of the One-Act prize-winner has not been communicated to me, but I can assure him that if his play is better than mine, it must be a mighty good one, for mine is a masterpiece. I feel sure that you will print it to prevent so valuable a piece from being lost to the world, and to afford me some means of giving expression to my feelings of outrage and indignity.

I am, dear Sir,

With marvellous respect to you,

Pandit E. R.

P.S.—Here is the play. *Scene*: A College Boarding House, near the Nisbet Road. *Persons*: A Student and Professor (or some other wise person) *Time*: Any time not during a period.

Student—A town is a better place to live in than a village; for men get educated in a town.

Professor—Oh! are villagers uneducated men?

Student—Yes, of course they are. There are no colleges in villages.

Professor—But there are fields; and there is perhaps the greatest of all arts—agriculture, which the villagers carry on with marked success. There are oxen.....

Student—Villagers are not educated men. They sow and reap the fields.

Professor—Are they useful men?

Student—I suppose so.

Professor—And so do I. How could you get on with your studies without sowing and reaping done for you? How would the world get on? Nay—bear with me a moment. It is evident that villagers are useful, and if useful they must be educated, for what is the object of education?

Student—The object of education is to make useful men and something more.

Professor—Do the colleges make useful men? Do colleges make as useful men as the villages?

Student—They make Pleaders and Doctors and Engineers and *Professors* and many other kinds of people. You would not say—with deep respect to you that a Professor is less useful than a villager?

Professor—It depends upon the results of his teaching, it depends ultimately, upon the character and intelligence of his students. Do you imagine

that your professor, in so far as he is concerned with *you*, has a useful occupation?

Student—It depends upon his character and intelligence—with profound respect—in his dealings with me.

Professor—I am glad you can give, upon occasion, a comic turn to your reverence. Suppose we drop ceremony, whether serious or comic, and talk sincerely. It is the professor's business to be useful; and it is the student's business—since not much is to be expected of him for the present—to grow up, by studious work, into a useful sort of man. In this way only can he give any convincing proof that he has been educated. Let us admit that any man, in so far as he is useful, is to that extent educated.

Student—But still it is better to live in a town than in a village, because more and better education is to be had in a town than in a village.

Professor—I will agree with you provided you admit that education is not confined to colleges. Are all useful men trained in colleges? What about the masons, the carpenters, the miners, the sailors, the tailors, and a hundred other kinds of men, whose technical language you would be as ill able to understand as you would be able to use the tools which are as second pairs of hands and arms and legs to them?

Student—I cannot bring myself to speak of a *mistri* or a *darzi* as an educated man, if he can but barely read or write, if his mind is not familiar with

the writings of men of science and philosophers and poets.

Professor—But may not a *mistri* be useful even though he never heard of Darwin or Schopenhauer or Shakespeare?

Student—Useful, yes—but not educated.

Professor—But would you call a man who was useless an educated man?

Student—I can conceive a man loving knowledge for its own sake and doing no good to others. Philosophers are educated men, and yet how many of them are useless! Nay, some of them have been worse than useless, they have even been mischievous!

Professor—I must retreat from my proposition then that uselessness is always a sign of lack of education: but you cannot drive me from my ground when I assert that usefulness is always a sign, as far as it goes, that a man has been educated.

Student—The education of a *mistry* and a *darzi* has not gone very far!

Professor—Regard these men then as the schoolboys not the graduates of life. They have learnt something, but not it may be very much. Is a college education a certain safeguard against this kind of small performance? You yourself have quoted examples, from the history of philosophy, of college graduates who have been far less useful than a good *mistry* or a good *darzi*. This seems to point to the conclusion that there are no particular places in which education can with certainty be found—that

you are no surer of becoming an educated man in a college than in a village, in a university than in the mountains.

Student—But the university can do for me what I cannot get done in the village or in the mountains.

Professor—Then you are just the sort of student who ought to come to college. But are all men like you? Are there not some men who are better off in villages than in colleges?

Student—Perhaps there may be.

Professor—I am sure there are. You must take my word for it if you cannot perceive it with your own eyes. And from this follows a principle. Let every man find that place in the world in which his nature is best fitted to expand, and let us give up despising each other. Let not the college-bred man despise the villager and let not the villager despise—or over-admire—the college-bred man.

Student—Truly I am much admired and even sometimes feared in my village, but I never yet met with a villager who despised me.

Professor—Volunteer to help him in the field and see what he will think of you!

Student—But he knows I am his superior.

Professor—But God knows possibly that you are his inferior. You might know it yourself if you did not think that all knowledge was shut up in books. Think of the relation of the villager's senses and heart and soul to the level plains upon which he works, and to everything which shows itself by sunlight or starlight upon

the surface of the plain. While you perhaps have been cramming for some examination, he has been feeling the energy of the beams of the sun, or the height of the sky, or the greenness of the trees by the well. He has quenched his thirst, or shouted to his child and the unbroken hours of the day have seemed to him the symbol of the eternity in which his life is wrapped. You may have been reading Euclid or Persian, or gathering historical facts, but if your mind meanwhile has not been touched with a sense as immediate as the villager's of being wrapped in Eternity, the day has done less for you than it has done for him ; and while he has been growing, you have been dwindling !

Student—Then let me go hence ! Away with these books, the clogs of the soul ! Away with examinations that fetter and fret the spirit ! I will to the fields, to the hills ! Oh Professor, you have set me free ! I will go ! I will not remain here a moment more ! Oh Professor, cannot you come with me ?

Professor—I fear, my boy, that such a sudden change in your intentions would not be good for either of us. Listen, true son of India—since your emotions run away with you in a flash—I am glad my eloquence has such power of persuasion ; I am glad that you can sparkle to an idea like a diamond long hidden which reveals its brilliance to the miner's lamp—do diamond

miners carry lamps? We must recover our senses with the aid of humour, since it seems that we have lost them. Return to sobriety, and admit that a village is not necessarily any less a place of education than a town.

Student—I admit it ! I feel it ! I will leap ! I will fly ! I will rush ! I will soar ! I will embrace the earth !

Professor—Very good: but do it in the vacation, not in the term time. In other words, supplement your town and college education with village education ; and thereby get nearer the complete man.

Student—Yes, every man should have a villager in his soul.

Professor—Yes—and every man should have a townsman in his soul.

Student—Bah! your towns ! The village is the only place in which men truly live !

Professor—Your own studies of history will confute you. But what is this on the lips of an enthusiast who but now said that education was to be had nowhere save in towns?

Student—Professor—with profound sincerity—you were saying that education made men useful. Now if the sense of wonder, such as exists in villages more than in towns, be a proof of education, why insist upon usefulness?

Professor—You yourself widened my definition of education by saying : that education was intended to produce useful men *and something more*.

Student—What then is this *something more*?

Professor—You have already indicated it in your own words “the sense of wonder.” It is a topic which we might discuss together at great length. Are you eager?

Student—I am eager.

(They are left still talking.)

The Union. March, 1914.

ON BEING AN EXCEPTION.

Voice—Wise discipline is a form of economy—economy of power.

Student—That sounds true ; but I wish I knew what was meant by economy.

Voice—Economy is a saving, or prevention of waste. We discipline ourselves—our attention, our habits, for instance—in order to avoid the waste of our intellectual powers by distraction and our moral powers by folly or worse.

Student—I was lately fined one rupee for not returning a library book upon a certain date. The infliction of this fine caused me much pain and I do not see that it saved anything. On the contrary, it was waste. I lost a rupee, and my temper was spoilt and I wasted much time in going to my tutor with an appeal against the fine, and from my tutor to the Superintendent of the Library. The Superintendent said that I was wasting *his* time as well as my own by presenting the application.

Voice—So you were. But it seems to have escaped your notice that the Superintendent was economising the library books by preventing their loss, I propose to illustrate my definition of discipline with the help of a few facts which are

familiar to you. You need not listen to me if you have something better or pleasanter to do. My words will not be wasted because if they fail to reach your ear, they will be printed in the Islamia College Magazine, which has a large and intelligent circle of readers.

Student—(to himself) I wish I could remember the Latin proverb which describes the Donkey as a Voice, and nothing besides a Voice.

Voice—The first fact of which I remind you is *a father's command or thick stick*. A wise father insists upon his children's obedience to wise commands because he wishes them not to waste their health and their time and everything else which is of importance to them. If health or strength and time are allowed to be lost what prospect is there of a child's growing up into a good man or a good woman?

Student—(ironically) "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

Voice—I am not an advocate of beating. I know that children can be spoilt by rod as well as by indulgence. "The half is greater than the whole"—since you are so fond of proverbs. A threat is better than a thrashing. It is a good thing for the children in my opinion if they fear their father and mother as well as love them. We ought to grow up with a fear of doing wrong and of persons who never do wrong. I prefer the metaphorical thick stick—but a good child, if he could be as sensible as I am, would prefer a real stick to none at all. Did you ever go to school?

Student—Was I asleep? I apologise. I was dreaming about a metaphorical thick stick. Yes, of course, I went to school.

Voice—Then you are familiar with the second fact which is useful to me the, schoolmaster's cane.

Student—I was never caned at school.

Voice—What a pity!

Student—No schoolmaster dare have caned any of us at the school I went to.

Voice—Worse and worse. What was done to the bad boys? What were your matriculation results?Yes, I see that you have much to say, but for the present I am going to have all the talk to myself. The schoolmaster's cane preserves silence and good order in the school, and thus prevents the waste of the time and attention of the scholars. How can a good boy make the best of himself if he is hindered by noisy companions in his class?. The schoolmaster's cane, therefore, is the friend of good boys. How you got on without its help I do not know. Like the thick stick of our first illustration, the cane may be a metaphorical cane, and figure in the shape of frowns or fines or detentions. Without the shadow and menace of a cane of some sort in the background I am sure that no school can be carried on without loss to the school-teacher's energies, and the scholar's progress. Hence here again *discipline* is *economy*. I now turn to the subject of college discipline.

Student—Alas!

Voice—Have you not learnt that college laws are laid down in your interest, and in the interest of all your fellow students ?

Student—I have heard something like this before, but my candid mind entertains misgivings about the assertion.

Voice—I will try to remove them. College discipline is designed to help you to economise the powers which are in you. In order to do your best, you must have quiet and order in the classroom and in the boarding house. You love quiet, I know, but many of your companions do not. A word or a command to them is not sufficient, and a cane is considered not to be a proper instrument of discipline in college.

Student—I should think not.

Voice—I quite agree with you. Something in college has to take the place of the cane, therefore, in order to defend you, with your laudable desire to work at your books, from the unruly students who would waste your college years. The substitute for the cane is the fine; and if the fine is not sufficient, expulsion. Hence, you see, the fine is your friend. Yes, no quiet student will deny that fines are friendly to him—when they are inflicted upon others; : but what about the noisy and careless students ? Are fines their enemies ? I do not think they will say so if they think the matter over. I have sometimes found good sense even in noisy fellows when their attention has been called to their noisiness. I have sometimes found them

willing to acknowledge that fines are intended to save from wasting their short opportunities and their father's self-denied money, and the exertions of their teachers, and their fellow students' college days. Why do you laugh?

Student—You do not in the least understand the attitude of students towards fines. Every fine, in their way of thinking, is a nuisance or an enemy; and it is justifiable to avoid this nuisance or defeat this enemy by every means in the student's power.

Voice—I am glad that you have mentioned this..... There are two parties of men—young men, and older men. The young men are necessarily the subjects of discipline; the older men are necessarily the imposers of it. At the present moment you belong to the party of the young; but kindly notice that your allegiance to that party cannot be continued for very much longer. In a few months, as soon probably as you have taken your degree, you will be going over from the party of the young men to the party of the older men; and—in the capacity of a schoolmaster, perhaps, or a college professor, or as a manager with an office to control, or as employer in some other way—you will be insisting upon the discipline which you now despise. Would it not be intelligent in you to arrive now at a deeper thought about discipline than you seem to entertain—to perceive its wisdom and bear its inflictions—so that when your new

career of law-imposer and law-maintainer presents itself to you, you may not enter upon it altogether destitute of preparation?

The student is very quiet. He is listening—or perhaps he has gone to sleep again.

Voice—I have now given you three illustrations of the truth of the statement that discipline is economy of power. I could go on to speak of discipline in offices and workshops and in the army; and I could show how power is bound to be lost in all of these places if discipline is not kept in them. It would be tempting to enlarge upon the economy which discipline—or public order—secures in society by protecting us from violence and other forms of disturbance: but since you are a college student, I will confine my last remark to another aspect of college discipline. It is this: never appeal against a fine, or any other species of punishment, upon the ground that you are “an exceptional case.”

Student—Why, I did that only yesterday.

Voice—Was your appeal allowed?

Student—It was refused!

Voice—To claim that you are “an exceptional case” is to claim that you should not be treated like your fellows, and that you should not be subject to college rules. It is not indeed a rebellion against discipline, because it is not brave enough to be rebellion: it is shrinking—a tender feeling for oneself: a form of moral cowardice. The student who says that he is

an exception *means* that he does not mind if other law-breakers are fined, but that when he himself breaks the law he would be pleased if the Principal for his precious sake would depart from justice. Do you not know that Justice never makes exceptions?

The Voice here grows thoughtful, as if it is itself afraid of Justice. It comforts itself with reflection that what it is saying is for the good of the Student—and continues.

Voice—There are only two kinds of men; brave men and cowards. The brave men love the stern usage of life—or at least accept it: the cowards hope always that things will be made easy for them. College life is a kind of playing at real life. A college is a sheltered nook in which mild and wise laws are laid down—laws to which it is easy to conform—and the penalties for breaking them—except in more serious cases—are not severe. The world, on the other hand, is a stern place; and its laws are not all mild or wise—although they are almost all necessary—and the penalties for breaking them are often disproportionately terrible. The mild frown of college discipline is meant to warn a beginner in life of the severest possible frowns of the world outside the College. A wise Principal will not relax his rules, thereby allowing his young men to imagine that they can escape the consequences of folly or misdeed, upon the presentation of the pretext that they are “exceptional cases.”

A wise Principal will not do this, because he knows that it is part of his duty to teach beginners in life that the world makes no exceptions. In other words : it is part of the duty of the Principal to create character. As long as we go on doing not what it is understood that we shall do, and what it is good for society that we should do ; but what we idly prefer—and still hope to escape punishment—we have no character : and how is a young man to develop character if he is not subject to discipline with sufficient rigour to make him *reflect upon himself*, and look unpleasant facts in the face ? If you ever think about what may be required of you in a little while—as soon as you have bidden farewell to the College, what difficulties you will have to meet ; what risks to undergo in the world which is shortly to receive you ; and what preparation you undoubtedly need for this great experiment and test which is to be imposed upon you, you will be grateful for firm rules in the college, and for the resolute wisdom which they are firmly administered. If you think about this, I believe that you will resolve never again to be so weak as to describe yourself as an exception.....Well, I have spoken a long time. Good bye.

Student—Good bye. (*The Voice vanishes*) The Voice has tried hard to be kind. It objects to my being an exception ; but what an exception I should be if I put its old head upon my young shoulders ! (*Exit singing*.)

STRAY LEAVES

THE TEMPER OF AGNOSTICISM

“Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy and drink thy wine with a merry heart”—so speaks Ecclesiastes, “the Preacher”—the one writer in the Bible whose temper inclines to agnosticism, or even to denial. He advises us to be as happy as we can while concealing from ourselves the fact that all is vanity, that all human labour is a striving after the wind. “For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth the beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; and man hath no pre-eminence above the beasts: for all is vanity.”

Leo Tolstoy, we are told, when he was still a boy, began to brood upon the thought of the encroaching shadow of death. He decided that man could be happy only by enjoying the present, and by not thinking of the future, and he tried to act upon this principle for three days. Abandoning his lessons, he did nothing but lie in his bed reading novels and eating honey-cakes; enjoying himself. This was a boy's way of thinking for himself the thought of Ecclesiastes; putting out of sight the knowledge that one day life must come to an end. The problem: What is the value of life? What shall a man live for? How shall a man heal the disquiet of his spirit? was the central problem with Tolstoy during all his eighty years of superhuman energy. The artist and thinker believed during a great portion of his life that he had solved the problem.

The temper of Ecclesiastes has been popularised in England by the wide circulation of Fitzgerald's translation of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam. Omar Khayyam, as most of us know, was a Persian poet who lived in the eleventh and twelfth centuries of the Christian era. He was an astronomer and mathematician of solid attainments, as well as a poet, and a searching student of the thoughts of men upon matters relating to life and religion. The orthodox religious sects of his day with their dogmatic teaching and their differences one from another failed to satisfy his needs, and he failed equally to solve for himself the questions which his mind was perpetually asking. What is the value of life? What shall a man live for? What shall a man believe? Unable to find certainty, Omar Kyayyam became an agnostic, and perhaps by temperament a little more than an agnostic—like Ecclesiastes—inclining to sadness under the contemplation of the shortness of human existence; inclining to despair in his inability to discover truth; and inclining to the denial of the belief in immortality. Since everything that man loved passed away, since there was no satisfaction to be found for instincts that yearned for the everlasting and the unchangeable, the poet arrived at the temper of Ecclesiastes, and wrote in his *Rubaiyat* or Epigrams, that we are wisest when we forget everything but the present moment—that the best we can do is to eat and to drink, for to-morrow we die. The *Rubaiyat* glorify wine, but we are cautioned against taking the glorification literally. The poet, indeed, was too serious-minded a man to seek satisfaction for himself in the oblivion and recklessness of the wine-bibber's idolatry. To write verses about wine in delicately chosen phrases, to cultivate a singer's

sadness, are different things from drinking in a tavern. Omar wrote his Epigrams to amuse himself in default of finding anything better to do, he does but jest when he bids us to drink wine, but with this amount of seriousness in the jest that he uses wine as a symbol of momentary happiness after the manner of Ecclesiastes,—coming to the conclusion that to live pleasantly and innocently is all that we can achieve.

Many thoughtful minds in the present time are situated much as Ecclesiastes, or Tolstoy, or Omar Khayyam was situated. The creeds of the sects are being challenged and are losing their hold upon men, science is leading our age into new paths of thought and we have among us the development of an agnosticism, and perhaps of something more than agnosticism; a despair of finding certainty, that must encourage the temper towards life which was the temper of Ecclesiastes and the temper of Omar Khayyam. Where shall we look for truth? ask many of us. Since truth is not to be found, and the end of all things approaches, what can we do but make the best of the present moment? This is the temper, necessary under the circumstances, of many folk in the West, a temper which is already showing signs that it is not a permanent temper, but which for the time being enables a large number of readers to find in the *Rubaiyat* the reflection of their own minds as in a mirror. That is the chief attraction of the poem, but we must not overlook its other great attraction, the excellence of the workmanship which appears in the translation.

A book of verses underneath the bough,

A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou

Beside me singing in the wilderness,—

Oh, wilderness were paradise enow!

This stanza has been learnt by heart by thousands of people to whom besides its music it may even convey something of an ideal. In its own manner it is a preaching of romance to an age that is given up far too much to the drudgery of daily work, to the commonplace but necessary ambition of making a livelihood. I quote the stanza as illustrating the charm of the poem to readers who may not sympathise with or understand its Ecclesiastes-like philosophy.

It is with the philosophy of the *Rubaiyat*, however that, I am chiefly concerned. In verses that have some of the beauty of crystals, but not of the snow; or of rose-petals, but not of the rose; Fitzgerald translates the Persian's doubts and defiances of the orthodox religious doctrines of his day and of our own. Omar has listened to many teachers and preachers, and been told much that he was bidden to accept as truth, but in the end he is satisfied with none of the teaching. The learned doctors seem to him to have been no better than fools, in spite of their learning. The loudest voices while they were living but wrangled together and contradicted one another; and death, still inscrutable, has put the end of silence to every word that was spoken :

Why, all the saints and sages who discussed
Of the two worlds so wisely—they are thrust

Like foolish prophets forth, their words to scorn
Are scattered, and their mouths are stopped with dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint and heard great argument

About it and about ; but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went.

With them the seed of wisdom did I sow,
 And with my own hand wrought to make it grow ;
 And this was all the harvest that I reaped :
 I came like water ; and like wind, I go.

These verses are the familiar text of the agnosticism of our time, correspondent with the burden of Ecclesiastes, "vanity of vanities, all is vanity." They are full of sad mirth, the grin of a man who laughs in his own despite. They are a record of human disappointment and relinquishment in the pursuit of ideals and hopes that are the dearest to mankind; and the strange tone of triumph in which they are often quoted—as if the grim disaster and tragedy of them could be a matter for exultation is in part the consequence of shallow-mindedness, in part the consequence of the rigour of the warfare which has to be carried on against the dogmatists, who would still persuade or compel all the world to hide their heads in the sand like ostriches.

The discussion of the Epigrams of Omar as far as they have any serious influence or serious meaning, resolves itself into a discussion of agnosticism, and of the temper towards life which both causes and is caused by agnosticism. In a sense we are all agnostics, inasmuch as we have to acknowledge that the mysteries of human life and destiny have never been solved except factitiously to the intellect of any race, or church, or school of thinkers. Somebody has said that the most remarkable fact of our day is this: that there is not anywhere on earth at the present moment a single credible established religion. That saying is both true and untrue. The thinking intelligence of mankind has never yet agreed unanimously upon a statement of faith, and yet religious men in all

countries—notwithstanding superficial differences between them—are agreed together, and live by one and the same spirit. A book upon the philosophy of religion—practically the most recent word upon the subject—explains that no account of Deity has ever been given without containing a contradiction within itself. For the present we may acknowledge that the endeavour to find unchallengeable certainty by means of the intellect has been a defeated endeavour; but this is not to say that the endeavour need be abandoned. Our intellect has not yet surveyed half the facts; science is ever growing, and in its growth making mistakes, and then finding out its mistakes, and clearing the way towards what may be, in the future, a permanent resting point. The enlightenment of the intellect is a task not for one age, but for ages and ages. Until that great combined work of humanity is brought further upon its way, we have to acknowledge that as intellectual, scientific men, we are agnostics,—we simply *do not know* in the scientific way of knowing. Let us not entertain a fear while we make this acknowledgement, for it is the language not only of science and of honesty, but of religion itself. Why do the churches speak of faith, if they have no more than faith; that is to say, if they have knowledge? Even the believer in a revelation to man confesses himself by nature an agnostic—for what does a revelation claim to do for us except to supply knowledge inaccessible to purely human research? We are not doing anything detrimental to religious conviction when we admit that our religious life depends partly on knowledge and partly upon faith. The admission only helps us to see more clearly what is the real difference between the agnostic and the religious

man—a difference of temper more than of the reason; for the agnostic is contented, or at least resolved, to go no farther than knowledge will take him; while the religious man brings into his life the element of faith. If I were asked whose life was the fuller and more complete, other things being the same, the life of the agnostic or the life of the believer, I should answer without hesitation that the believer is the more complete man; while I should point out also that humanity is greatly indebted to the agnostic. It is the impetuous character of faith to obscure the boundaries which divide what is known and proven, from what is unknown and at present undemonstrable. The agnostic is the appointed guardian and pacer of the boundaries of knowledge. He is always at the last limit, of knowledge distinguishing stubbornly what has been proved from what is mistake or mere conjecture. He has thus corrected many an error which has been built by unwise builders into the edifice of religion; and he only goes beyond his useful office when he tries to limit arbitrarily, or to deny altogether, the province of faith. There is room in the world both for the agnostic and for the believer, and whether you and I shall in the general colour of our lives belong to the agnostic servants of humanity or to the believing servants is largely a question of circumstances, and still more largely a question of our disposition.

Let me note in passing, however, that the agnostic has to pay a penalty for the limitations of his spirit. I am compelled to say that the agnostic is a limited man, because I regard faith as necessarily a part of life as the air we breathe. The penalty imposed upon the agnostic for denying himself faith is a saddening of his temper towards life, or even a lowering of his temper—for it is

really a degradation as well as an unhappiness to come to the conclusion of Ecclesiastes that the best we can do and the most we are worth is to eat our bread with as much joy as possible under the painful circumstances surrounding us, and to drink our wine with a forgetfully merry heart for as long as we can. Omar Khayyam is another witness to this reducing effect of agnosticism; and Tolstoy, in his boyhood and in much of his manhood, was another.

Tolstoy, however, having experienced the ill effects of agnosticism came out of his despair or cynicism, and became a believer. The coming out was achieved in a remarkable fashion. Tolstoy forsook his wealth and his rank and mixed with the common people, the peasants of his own country. He had perceived that the peasants were happy in spite of their hard existence, their ignorance, and the tyranny and oppression exercised over them by society. The cause of the peasants' happiness, Tolstoy found to be that they believed in life—that they trusted in life and held life to be good. The questions which philosophers could not answer never occurred to the peasants, and Tolstoy began to think to himself: Suppose that there are unanswerable questions, have we not something to live from besides the intellect? Is there not much in human experience which bids us be of stout heart, and encourages us to hope and believe pending the solution of doubts and difficulties? So Tolstoy set himself to living with his whole heart and mind and hand, and not with the intellect only. And in this way he found that faith is a natural and a necessary part of the life of man. In short, we cannot live healthily without faith. The best advice is the simplest: *Be a believer.*

That is the best advice, but however good it is, there

is a right and a wrong way of acting upon it. I do not advise a man to throw in his lot with the first faith that claims him, or with the opinions of his grandfather. I advise him to go to life itself; to love; and to work. I advise him to mix with his fellows, and to become a watchful observer of Nature. We shall find, as we live and open ourselves to impressions, that great sights on every hand of us instil in us the natural feelings of awe and worship. The rising and the setting sun; the breast of the ocean; the landscape of the earth with its fields and its homesteads, evoke from us yearnings and put us into communication with something that is beyond the grasp of our reason. Tolstoy, leaving the city for the country, watching a moonlit landscape, came to feel in that moment the oneness of all Nature with himself—came to feel that “that mysterious, magnetic Nature, the attractive bright disc of the moon, and I—defiled though I was by all the passions dwelling in the human breast, but with all the immeasurable, mighty power of love—it seemed to me in those minutes that Nature and the moon and I were one and the same thing.” This is one of the answers of faith to the complaint of the Persian poet “I came like water; and like wind, I go.”

Then again, in mixing with men, and in sharing in the lives of men; in their struggle for human good; in their attention to the daily duties of citizenship; in their endeavours to build a better civilisation, we find that faith springs up in us. The worker for the Golden Age, the reformer, the lover of mankind, is a worshipper. He has thoughts that fix themselves upon the future, he conjures up by his hope and his will visions out of the invisible that realise themselves in a nobler and a diviner life for

himself and his fellows. One life beats in himself and in all men. He is no longer a separate private person. He has faith in life, and he finds that the way of uplifting life is through faith. Not for him is the sadness of content that eats its bread with shortlived joy, and drinks its wine with a merry heart until memory overtakes it again. Life means more to the idealist, the worker, the lover of man, the lover of beauty than to Ecclesiastes or to Omar Khayyam. The answer of faith to every perplexity is found when we give ourselves in feeling to Nature, to inspirations of awe and wonder, and when we devote ourselves to our fellows, and seek with them the human good which has been made the reward of generous and not of self-seeking effort—as was declared by one of the greatest of all believers when he spoke his rebuke of selfishness and solitude and cynicism in the words that “he who loses his life shall find it.”

The Modern Review, July, 1913. S.M.

THE RELIGION OF WALT WHITMAN.

In 1906 an American named Horace Traubel published a book entitled "With Walt Whitman in Camden." The book is an account of Walt Whitman's conversations with Horace Traubel himself and other friends. It is a big and loosely constructed volume, covering a period of less than four months, reminding one of the proverbial haystack in which there may be hidden needles. There are many needles and even nuggets of gold to be found in Mr. Traubel's haystack, and as I have spent many pleasant hours in hunting for them and collecting them, I am putting together a few of my finds in the hope of bringing the reader and myself a little nearer to the great American seer.

Horace Traubel read to Walt Whitman the famous story of the great English landscape painter, Turner, who at an exhibition in the Royal Academy smeared one of his own pictures with black, in order that it should not shine to the disadvantage of pictures painted by his friends, inferior pictures, hung on the wall beside it. The anecdote roused Walt Whitman. He exclaimed, "Beautiful, beautiful!.....The common heroisms of life are the real heroismsNot the military kind, not the political kind, just the ordinary world kind, the bits of brave conduct happening about us."

Upon another day Traubel heard more of what Whitman had to say about "common heroisms." He found

him in his room with a Mr. Leonard Corning, a candidate for the pulpit of the Unitarian church in Camden. Whitman was asking Mr. Corning, "And what may be the subject of your sermon to-morrow?" "My subject? Why, the tragedy of the ages." "And what may be the tragedy of the ages?" "The crucifixion." "What crucifixion?" "The crucifixion of Jesus of course." "You call that the tragedy of the ages?" "Yes,—what do you call it?" "It is a tragedy. But *the* tragedy? Oh no! I don't think I would be willing to call it *the* tragedy." "Do you know any tragedy," enquired he minister, "which meant so much to man?" "Twenty thousand tragedies," replied Whitman, "all equally significant." "I never looked at the thing the way you do," replied Mr. Corning. "Probably not," said the poet, "but do it now just for once. Think of the other tragedies just for once, the tragedies of the average man—the tragedies of every day—the tragedies of war and peace—the obscured the lost tragedies: they are all cut out of the same goods.....Think of the other tragedies, the twenty thousand just for once, Mr. Corning."

What Whitman meant by "the other tragedies, the twenty thousand tragedies" appears in a remarkable way from his emotion when he sorted out from among his papers a letter which Edward Carpenter had written him from England in 1877. Carpenter said in his letter—

"There is a great deal of distress just now (in Sheffield), so many being out of work, and it is impossible to pass through the streets without seeing it obvious in some form or other. (A man burst into tears the other day when I gave him a bit of silver). Each individual is such a mere unit in a great crowd, but they go and hide their misery away, easily enough."

The sentence "They go and hide their misery away.", moved Whitman greatly. He said :—

"That is a wonderful tribute paid to the common man. How cheap and vulgar such heroism makes the heroisms that are most fussed about in histories. "They go and hide their misery away." It's the sort of thing in men which makes the race safe—which will finally see, assert, demand, produce the new state, the new church. I never have any doubts of the future when I look at the common man."

If we ask whence Whitman gained his faith in the common man, the answer is from looking at the common man himself. Before he came to notoriety as a poet, Whitman had spent many days in the army hospitals, as a nurse of the wounded soldiers, during the great war which did away with negro slavery in the states and preserved the Union. It is said that Whitman sat by the bed sides of a hundred thousand wounded soldiers in the course of his hospital experience, and it was the sights he saw during the war which more than anything else confirmed him in faith and in reverence for humanity. In the hospitals and on the battlefield Whitman had seen sacrifices and sufferings and death borne without regret or terror. It was life itself which had spoken to Walt Whitman and given him what he called his confession of faith—a confession of faith in common men and women. Walt Whitman believed in men, and believed that they had in them an infinite possibility. It was not a faith which expressed itself in any dogmatic forms or clear visions of what the future might be, but it was a faith sufficient to fill the poet's being with infinite content and hope

and expectancy. It enabled him to live, which is the great office required of faith by men who have grown large enough to feel the need of a sustaining faith. Somebody asked the poet: "Have you ever had any experiences to shake your faith in humanity?" "Never! Never!" the poet replied, "I trust humanity. Its instincts are in the main right: it goes false, it goes true, to its interests; but in the long run it makes advances. Humanity always has to provide for the present moment as well as the future: that is a tangle however you look at it. Why wonder then that humanity falls down every now and then? There's one thing to remember, that the race is not free (free of its own ignorance), is hardly in a position to do the best for itself: when we get a real democracy as we will by and by, this humanity will have its chance—give a fuller report of itself."

Holding these views and more than views—profound emotions and feelings—Whitman could not sympathise with any airs of pretended superiority or superciliousness. Superciliousness means literally the raising of the eyebrows as in astonishment or repulsion when anything that we esteem as inferior to ourselves passes by. There is one of our English writers, who, fine thinker as he was, and fine fighter for freedom of thought yet always carries about with him the air of a superior person. This is Matthew Arnold, who owed to his training at Rugby and Oxford that something of the prig and the snob which his fine gifts and his splendid spirit enable us to forget altogether except when it is useful for us to remind ourselves of it. Whitman said of Matthew Arnold:

"He always gives you the notion that he hates to touch dirt—the dirt is so dirty. But everything comes out of

the dirt—everything comes out of the people, the everyday people, the people as you find them and leave them; not university people—people, people, just people.”

Walt Whitman could not endure what he called “disdain for Tom, Dick and Harry, inability to appreciate the average life.” He was democratic in heart as well as in theory. Some of his best friends, and he always said, some of his best school masters, were the bus-drivers of New York, with whom he would sit on their boxes, and drive round and round with them, along the streets of the great city.

Talking about dirt, Whitman said one day, “The American people wash too much!” A visitor who heard the poet was deeply offended and went away no doubt with an entirely wrong impression. Whitman explained himself later, after the unlucky visitor had gone. “I think our people,” he said, “are getting entirely too decent. They like nice white hands, men and women. They are too much disturbed by dirt. They need the open air, coarse work, physical tasks.....I’m not opposed to clean hands, but clean hands may be a disgrace. It was the disgraceful clean hands I had in mind.” Walt Whitman’s own hands were not clean in the disgraceful sense. Besides nurse, he had been printer, builder, clerk, as well as poet. He knew the good sense which is to be derived from taking part in the common occupations of men, and he could not put up with the spirit that prides itself upon never having done any useful work. I once heard of a Mayoress of a town in Yorkshire, who on the day that she was made Mayoress, said to her friends in one of the confidences we betray when our hearts are full: “My working as a

millgirl when I was young is the one blot upon my history." It may have been the only really good thing upon which so shallow-hearted a woman had reason to pride herself.

Whitman's attitude towards the churches around him is very interesting. The Unitarian minister in Camden, Mr. Corning, gave a lantern lecture one evening. The next morning Traubel said to the poet, "I hear you were at the Unitarian church last night." Walt Whitman laughed quietly. "Yes," he said, "they wanted me to goso I went and saw all the pictures!" "But what of the sermon?" "There was not much to it, the audience liked it, the room was crowded." But what of Walt Whitman? Did he like the sermon? "Not a bit,—all preaching is a weariness to me.....We have the stock phrases in books, the stock canvasses in art, so we have the stock stupidities in sermons. Corning is all right, the man Corning: I can like him, I do like him, but the Corning in the pulpit last night tried my patience. I am always impatient of the churches—they are not God's own—they rather fly in the face of the real providences."

This language is very strong, but since it is an attempt on the part of one of the greatest of teachers to improve the quality of sermons I find it very interesting. Those stock stupidities which Walt Whitman found so discouraging, I wonder if we listen to them. I see that it is very dangerous to make the acquaintance of a seer. If we live in a glass house he will be throwing stones and breaking our glass house. Walt Whitman's conversation is not a comfortable thing for a minister of religion. He said again, "I have often tried to put myself into the place of a minister—to imagine the forty and odd corns he

must avoid treading on." Laughingly, "I often get mad at the ministers—they are the only people I do get mad at—yet they too have their reasons for being. If a man will once consent to be a minister he must expect ruin."

Worse if anything is to come. "I am not willing to admit," said the poet, "that we have any further serious use for the old style authoritative preacher. As I was telling Traubel yesterday, we might as well think of curing people of the measles, small-pox, what not, by mere sermonisings—as of saving their souls by such tactics..... I mean that no amount of formal, salaried petitioning of God will work out the result aimed atThe whole idea of the church is out of touch entirely with the great struggles of contemporary humanity."

I acknowledge that I see a justification for these tremendous words. While the churches in the West have been clinging to creeds which honest men have put away, the men of science outside all the churches have been teaching men reverence for truth. While the churches have been praying, the working classes in every part of the West have been fighting a battle for a higher standard of life unaided by the churches, and very often opposed and hindered by the churches. What Walt Whitman means is that the churches have been ignorant and dishonest and selfish—following their own path to a narrow salvation, while men and women who have been the majority of them outside any church, or unhelped of the churches to which they belonged, have been fighting against difficulties, against their own ignorance and self-will, a battle to make every man, woman and child's life the brighter. What have the churches done to help the Labour party for instance? Is not the Labour party

putting a new spirit into the churches? And is it not a religious work that the students of science, and the social reformers, so often hailed as atheists, have been engaged upon? The churches are just beginning to wake up to this fact, and it is this waking up, if it goes on, which will enable us to contradict Walt Whitman's assertion that the churches have been out of touch entirely with the great struggles of contemporary humanity.

Walt Whitman, who came to teach mankind religion, could not look upon the struggles of men without seeing their significance. What humanity longs for and strives for **with** struggle and effort, that is the religion and prayer and church of humanity, and to that religion and prayer and church Walt Whitman belonged—by his faith in the common people—by his anger and disgust with the churches round him. He challenges the churches to make their religion real and large.

If we go searching for needles in a haystack, have we any right to complain if some of them prick our fingers?

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THE RELIGION OF CHARLES DARWIN

When Charles Darwin was a young man, he read his grandfather's "Zoonomia," a philosophical pamphlet which was made the vehicle of many semi-scientific theories. The grandson was disappointed with his grandfather's work, because to his thinking "the proportion of speculation seemed so large to the facts that were given." Could any utterance be more characteristic of the mind that later on revealed itself in "The Origin of Species", "The Descent of Man" and other masterpieces? In these books we find the presentation of an epoch-making theory, but how small in the space occupied upon the pages is the proportion of theory to the proportion of facts that are adduced as needing explanation and as possibly affording a basis for some such hypothesis as that of Evolution! Charles Darwin possessed all the imagination of his grandfather, along with the mental qualities which Bacon saw the necessity of cultivating—desire to seek, patience to doubt, fondness to meditate, slowness to assert, readiness to consider, carefulness to dispose and set in order."

The conviction animated the mind of Darwin as it did that of Bacon that the making of hypotheses and general explanations of things could not go on profitably until a large body of evidence had been collected together. In other words, observation and experiment are the pre-condition of reasonable belief, and the necessary

basis of anything deserving the name of knowledge or philosophy or faith. Experience is the real guide of human reason, and the accumulation of the world's experience, or rather of certain modes of the world's experience, is stored up in the treasure-house called Science. This is the fact which Bacon stood for and this is the fact which always knocking at the doors of man inclined to disregard it, burst like a thunder-clap upon the ears of sleepers, with the publication of "The Origin of Species." 'The world has seldom had such a startling awakening out of the slumber of received opinions as when it was forced to listen for the first time to the story of mankind's ascent from the animals; and within no circles of society were the effects of the shock felt with more disturbance than within the religious circles, which long remained in a condition alternating between anger and consternation. The new ideas were resisted as altogether subversive of religion, and not for the first time in history the labours of a man of science were subjected with unanimity among the sects to all the forms of ecclesiastical censure.

That attitude of mind on the part of churches has all but passed away, and few save the most conservative religious apologists continue to feel any difficulty in accommodating themselves to the researches of Darwin. The results at least of Darwin's work have been accepted, but there still remains a reservation or misgiving in many religious minds concerning the quality of Darwin's intellectual temper. Was the cautious, investigating, hesitating intellectual disposition a religious disposition? Can any man be reckoned a religious man whose intellectual ideal bears the remotest resemblance to Bacon's

intellectual ideal—"desire to seek, patience to doubt, fondness to meditate, slowness to assert, readiness to reconsider, carefulness to dispose and set in order?" A few of these items indeed any theologian might be disposed to regard as unobjectionable, but taking the frame of mind as a whole, is it the frame of mind which is approved of and cherished by the churches? Questions like these although they are seldom stated are not unseldom answered in the negative by persons who appear to entertain no misgiving about their ability to utter the verdict both of piety and of commonsense upon the problem.

If these persons are right in their fixed habit of mind with regard to the matter that is to say, if the customary, conventional view of what constitutes a religious disposition is to be adopted, then it is difficult to see how any student of science can be supposed to possess a religious disposition, since the portrait of what every student of science wishes to become, or tends to become, is presented in the words of Bacon. If truth requires us to deny that Darwin was religious, then it is impossible for science and religion to dwell in the same breast together and every intelligent man will be obliged to reject one or the other. Practical consequences therefore, for clear-sighted people, depend upon the solution of the question which it takes some naivete to propound so directly: Was Darwin religious?

The facts appear to be that Darwin was a member of no church: that after a certain period of his youth he gave himself with whole-hearted adherence to no form of public or private devotion. He made no attempt to reconcile his conclusions with the religious and theological teachings of his time; and the authoritative denunciations which

rose around him did not deter him from his course. His soul was "like a star and dwelt apart." Such aloofness from much that the majority of men held sacred was clearly the mental temper of the man. Does that mental temper compel us to regard him as destitute of religion? :

Consider the life of Darwin, his patient and long-continued labours, his earnest search for truth, the love and awe of facts that led him from youth to old age, the value of his work to all the later generations of mankind. Shall we be content to allow so remarkable devotion and perseverance to remain outside our definition of religion? We pray for truth, perhaps. Darwin did not pray for truth; he sought it and which of us is the better worshipper? We pray for goodness. Darwin did not, and yet he became as it were a pavement for the firmer steps of men: that is he achieved goodness. Is it more religious then to pray for goodness and possibly do nothing further, than to attain to goodness, and not to pray? Or shall we think a deeper thought about prayer, and satisfy ourselves that prayers upon the lips are but echoes, when they are not altogether foolish, of the strivings within us? *Laborare est orare*, "to labour is to pray." The Latin proverb seems to suggest that a man who is at work, whether he fall down upon his knees or whether he do not, is not a prayerless man,

But Darwin was not a believer! No he certainly was not; at least in the ecclesiastical sense of the word. But it may be pointed out that he was a worshipper: that he worshipped truth, for instance, and the fearlessness that can bear opposition for the truth: that his mind must have bowed down in such wonder before Nature as would, were we to insist upon the comparison, dwarf many a

devotee's devotions before God into insignificance. Is church-bred awe measurable with Darwin's awe? Do the churches nurse such greatness of mind and feeling as dwelt in Darwin? The question seems to prompt its own answer; that it is dangerous to deny that Darwin was religious.

The emphasis of Darwin's life seems to be laid more upon doubt than upon faith; but this may be but a superficial impression, for certain great articles of faith can be discerned in him. He believed in truth, as we have said; he believed that a man might usefully devote his life to a search after truth; he believed that truth when it was found was precious, even though a new truth should strip its discoverer of every other truth that he had dreamed he possessed. There was this faith implicit in Darwin, although it was his business, his usefulness to doubt and although in this business he was absorbed, it may be, to the exclusion of explicit faith altogether. That faith of some sort belonged to him whether he knew it or not goes, without saying; for who can work without faith? Or if the life of a Darwin can be lived without the aid of faith, of what value is faith? It is not necessary however for the good effects of the faith we hold, that we should be conscious of our faith, or every day be reminding ourselves of it. It may be, as I say, that Darwin never stated his faith, never made it clear to others or to himself; but that he possessed faith, is as clear to sight as that he did the work of faith. And that work was doubt, with the faith underlying it that doubt if not so good as knowledge is better than delusion. The great, thinker, therefore silent about his convictions as he was, and to all appearance an agnostic was a believer

under all, and we can see that belief and doubt in a thing so large as the mind of man are by no means exclusive one of another. Belief may lead a man to doubt as it led Darwin, and the work of doubt in the world is quite as useful and necessary and legitimate and religious as the work of faith, since doubt in one of its aspects is reverence for truth, and in another of its aspects is belief in the making. That is the next point for consideration.

I have said that doubt is reverence for truth; but doubt is more than this: doubt is the inevitable accompaniment of sublimity of feeling. When we are in the presence of any sublime object our state of mind is a mixture of certainty and uncertainty, for while we know that we are in the presence of the sublime, we know also that we are in the presence of the unfathomable. Even were we to "see God"—to use a grand Biblical expression—our doubts would not be removed, but would increase upon us, for would God not be incomprehensible? Doubt, therefore, even in the immediate presence of God, would still be an element of human worship.

But forsaking metaphors, we are everlastingly standing, as at moments we are only too painfully aware, in the presence of the unfathomable. It is from this unfathomable, this inscrutable, about us, that we derive our keenest joys and our acutest mental sufferings. We bear both the joy of worship and the suffering of the knowledge of our ignorance because both are proper and inevitable to our nature, and to the situation in which we are placed. If we knew all things as men esteem knowledge, perhaps we should be beyond both joy and sorrow, perhaps we should be incapable alike of ecstasy and of misgiving; but for the present, wearing these emotions of our finitude, we

are human, as we know and feel ourselves. Let none of us therefore profess himself above doubt, or see in doubt anything that is unbecoming to either a religious or a manlike bearing. The religious consciousness of the world has always spoken of faith and not of knowledge, for while the former is possible to us, the latter, in completeness at least, is impossible. And yet the same religious consciousness, guided in this by an attempt at system rather than by intuition, has set up creeds, and has constantly, even when creeds have been abandoned, shown a disposition to consider doubt as the enemy of faith. Apart from doubt, faith would not be possible; and it is by renewed intercourse with doubt that faith is ever reviving itself and casting off the old forms which hinder it for forms more suitable to receive it. A wise man therefore is both a doubter and a believer, but he lays no claim to certainty. For both doubt and faith are part of his nature, but certainty has no proper claim upon him. Both faith and doubt are of the atmosphere in which the human spirit grows up to its highest; but a religious certainty which shuts out doubt as an enemy to religion can but breed such types of mind as fail to perceive the grandeur of Darwin; as strive to arrest the work and the influence of all daring and freeborn sons of genius; as would hinder the march of mankind on their great, courageous and unknown progress. Who indeed that has taken a thought would exchange the feeling of "the burden and the mystery, the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world" for the consolation and comfort of an ecclesiastical refuge? Who would give up the subliming knowledge of the perilous and tragical situation of men, for a secret communicated to him by a priest,

or whispered it may be by tradition hoary with age and palsy? What substitutes of equal moral value can be found for the urgency of questioning, and the courage of faith?

The conclusion seems to be therefore that Darwin and all men who worship the same ideals as he, instead of being devoid of the religious spirit are eminent examples of it. There are in fact two types of religious-minded men the doubters and the believers, and each of these has his part to play, and the world could not get along without either of them. The churches have hitherto fixed their eyes exclusively upon the religious temper of faith, and it has not occurred to them how essential to any real belief is the constant habit of doubt. Hence science, one of the pillars of the moral and religious as well as the intellectual life of man, has had to go on its way outside the churches. But when at length religious communities come to see that it is their business to bring up their adherents to mental honesty far more than adherents to a creed, they will love and esteem the doubters as much as the believers, and a niche for Darwin will be found among the saints.

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A GOOD TEMPER.

There are many kinds of temper, such as the soldier's temper or saint's temper, or the Deputy Commissioner's temper, useful and admirable in their various ways and upon their appropriate occasions. I am aiming at the description of a particular mode of temper, which is appropriate like bread and wine, if not to every moment, to almost every day of light, and is necessary to personal dignity. It is the temper which looks upon life in its fundamental relationship—relationship to the State, to the home to physical welfare and power, to art, to science—to every thing that is fundamental—and comes to the conclusion that no day of life need be vulgar.

It has often been remarked that the animals have a finer self-possession and nobler manners than men and women. A monkey surpasses all except the sages in simplicity of behaviour. The cat on the hearth-rug sets an unattainable example of good breeding and seriousness to every member of the household, except the youngest children. In any Indian bazaar, the creature which is most suggestive of moral grandeur and infinite natural majesty is the bullock harnessed to his wagon, and not the buyer or the seller, or the Deputy-Commissioner riding past. Perhaps it was by comparing himself with the animals that man came to look upon himself as a fallen creature, and laid his finger correctly

upon the cause of the fall—the acquisition of knowledge. An uneasy self-consciousness and the pre-occupation of the attention with trifling and feverish concerns rob mankind of the supremacy of self-demeanour which we should expect to find in creatures of the most advanced development. The bullock is dignified because it has no knowledge of itself and no thought beyond a few simple desires and appetites, and the most dignified of human beings most resemble the bullock in his mental condition—peasants, for instance, and young Englishmen. So authoritative a witness as Goethe, marvelled at the self-possession of young Englishmen and speculated upon the causes of the unconscious self-esteem of creatures who manifested so few recognisable signs of intelligence. The absence of thinking was half the secret, and the other half was conformity of dress and the life of exercise in the open air, which, by quieting the nerves, lulled self-consciousness to sleep.

One way then, of curing the uneasiness of thought which has deprived mankind of dignity is by taking no thought at all : but in desperate cases, which are numerous, the remedy cannot be applied. The alternative treatment is a little more thought, or a little rightly guided thought—the good temper to which I have already referred : the temper which regards life in its elements and makes the discovery that none of them is vulgar.

Many books have been written about this disposition : all poets are busy with it : men of science help to lay its foundation : and many schools of philosophy and even many religions have made it their contemplation and ultimate practical aim. We find it wherever men have

contrived to live without vulgarity—in the epic poems of Homer, for instance ; or in the simplest and the most dignified forms of ancient Roman religion. The most remarkable character of ancient Roman village paganism was the dignity which was felt to belong to all the natural surroundings and events and occupations of human existence. The cultivation of wheat; of the vine and the olive; the care of flocks and herds; preparations and appropriate duties for the changing seasons ; the pieties of the family; occasions of joy and sorrow, whether public or private such as birth or marriage and death, peace and war. It is one of the goals of the highest culture furnished by universities to learn how the ancient Italian peasant felt to all these things, and to receive upon the mind the definite regretful impression of an actual romance that has passed away. Pagan farmers and their women-folk, pagan priests and thinkers singled out all that was most necessary and most beautiful in the lives which they lived together, and made these simplicities the roots of their habits and the topics of their meditations, often with the aid of religious ritual. It was their irresistible temper—a kind of unconscious conspiracy among them—to think well of life in every ordinary moment : not indeed to render a false verdict : not to shrink from painful duty or renunciation when it was thrust upon them: but by reflections in seasons of prosperity and peace to carry on into middle years and old age as much as could be preserved of the self-congratulation of the mood of youth. One of the most memorable examples of the ancient Roman temper is Cincinnatus—equally noble when he is going to war or grasping the handles of his plough—meeting all vicissitudes with

the same power of doing justice to them ; betraying in all his actions his belief that no necessity, or condition, of human life is mean.

In the Middle Ages of Europe we find much of the same dignity transferred to the dwellers in cities. Beautiful domestic and ecclesiastical buildings, conscientious craftsmanship withdraw our eyes from the villages which the pagan pieties had forsaken, and fasten them upon the towns, where the development of a new mode of life was taking place. Of ancient Roman cities, we think only as they were spoilt by luxury : of mediæval cities we think as centres wherein trade was piling up wealth, the wealth that was applying itself to the equipment of domestic and civic life as the two things in addition to the Church most necessary for man. The Church itself was in these days, as in all fortunate days, a way of thinking well of mankind. It may be objected that the Roman Catholic Church by insisting as much upon the fear of Hell and Purgatory as upon the pleasant prospect of Paradise entertained no very noble opinion of human nature. The answer to the objection is in the zest with which the mediaeval masons carved over church doors and elsewhere representations of lost souls in their unhappy environment, and infernal spirits tormenting them. If man has Paradise or Purgatory or worse in front of him he is a creature of a glorious or a tragic destiny ; a creature to be marvelled at. It is the teacher who tells us that we come to an end who lessens us in our own eyes. It is not my business, however, to enter any further into the theological implications of a good temper towards ourselves. Churches, guildhalls, and citizens' houses remain to show us that the Middle Ages had their

own methods of holding men and women—and the daily life of men and women...in the highest estimation. The tenets of astrology which linked human fates with the stars was one of the most sweeping compliments which men ever paid to themselves.

It is the perception of Beauty which most instills a good temper and a true understanding of life, and which most lends dignity to human manners.

Where Nature surrounds men, as the vineyards and pasture lands surrounded the ancient pagans, beauty is present. In a city, nearly all beauty except that of human fate and character is lost, unless the city possesses craftsmen and architects. The first artists of the Middle Ages were all handicraftsmen. They made cups which it was a fortification to good wine and to self-esteem to drink out of. They made household vessels which by their form and perfect fitness for their purpose cheered the housewife's heart, and abolished the dreariness which housewives nowadays experience when they share in the business called "washing up." They made furniture which was durable and dignified, and that seemed to express the soul of self-respect and hospitality. They made houses and streets and towns which are the despair of living town-planners: and they made churches—we all know what kind of churches. All these things came before pictures which were a wonderful re-invention, but became the monopoly of rich folk, and ministered to the idea that beauty is not a necessity of life for every body, but a luxury for the wealthy. In a way which historians have explained, vessels and furniture and the houses which contained them became vulgarised. The craftsman died, and with him died for the majority of

people the love of dignity and beauty in the nearest of human surroundings. The modern city appeared, the majority of the dwellers in which whether rich or poor, are insensitive to ugliness. The pagan love of Nature, or the mediæval love of a cooking-pot or a gable, would be to them incomprehensible. The temper of mankind towards life, therefore, had undergone a deterioration, and we shall not recover this particular aspect of a good temper until in some sort we recover the handicraftsman. We must not overlook the fact, however, that the present age has carried certain arts and certain works of beauty to heights undreamed of in former ages. No such works in metal, were ever created as are created today: locomotives, motor-cars, ships, aeroplanes. By means of these things the world is being furnished as formally men furnished their homes; and when peace is restored perhaps some few survivors will enter into the possession of the new inheritance.

After the Middle Ages came the re-birth of science, which delivered a heavy blow to preconceptions about mankind. Mathematicians and observers conspired unknowingly to make the beginnings of a new astronomy, and then Galileo invented a rude telescope and turned the miraculous plaything towards the heavens. His was the first human eye which beheld the moons of Jupiter pendant in a golden chain about their planet. Thenceforward the earth was no longer the centre of the transparent spheres, and with the reduction in the importance of his dwelling-place man himself seemed to be reduced in importance. Every succeeding scientific theory and discovery has had the same effect of disillusioning us a little more of our conceit of ourselves. What

was felt as the unkindest cut of all was the theory of Darwin, which related us to the apes and amphibians, and even to the blades of grass. The hand of man is derived from the fin of a fish : the brain of man has grown from a nerve-centre in the amphioxus—something less than a fish. In this transformation of the thoughts of the educated world do we rejoice ? Is it a loss to us that we can no longer think of the earth as the only stable portion of the universe with the sun and the moon and the stars as mere ministers to us, and Heaven and Hell preoccupied with the contemplation of our sole fate ? Is it a loss to us that all epic poems and cosmologies have been surpassed by the carrying back of the roots of human history through biological and geological eras to the unknown beginnings of life, when the earth perhaps had hardly ceased to be molten, and plant and animal were one ? The first panic with which this revelation was received has passed away. There are two consoling reflections : firstly, the universe has outgrown all human dreams of vastness and grandeur under the researches of modern investigations ; and mankind, as part of the whole, acquire a terrible, and undreamed of significance. Secondly, what we have lost in the privilege of astronomical situation we have more than made up for in the discovery of the dignity of the human mind. We had no notion of how great a thing is the reason in us before the world had launched upon the blind adventure of its astronomical, mechanical, physical and biological discoveries.

For these two reasons, then, men of science can be classified among aiders and abettors of the good temper with which wise and simple men strive to look upon

human life. They took away, but by and by they taught us over again, reverence and awe, "He who has science and art," says Goethe, "has religion." Let us have no doubt that this is true for all serious minds. Darwin, when he lived, was attacked as irreligious. Nobody then had compared the flippant idle heads, which many people take to church, with the enormous overwhelming awe in the mind of Darwin when he gazed, for instance, at the root of a plant. "The root of a plant," said Darwin, "is as intelligent as the brain of an animal," and this is a sentence as devout as any in the Prayer Book.

There is another aspect of the scientific handling of things which is relevant to the subject. There are flippant men of science, and there are men of science who leap to conclusions too hastily. The method of science is the method of analysis, which takes things to pieces. Philosophers have long ago exploded the illusion that a thing consists of its separated parts, and yet the idea still holds its ground where intelligence languishes. Thus, an unintelligent man of science, an exception among men of science, analyses water into oxygen and hydrogen, and thenceforward he professes that he can no longer see water, he can only see particles of oxygen and hydrogen. Yet, as Prof. Pringle-Pattison remarks, "fishes do not live in oxygen and hydrogen; they live in water." Similarly, there have been attempts to explain the universe as matter and motion, and to explain thought and will and feeling as a secretion from the brain—"as the liver secretes bile." If this way of thinking became widespread it would make impossible the only appropriate temper in which men can regard themselves and the world. Fortunately, commonsense and the

exigencies of daily experience give it little chance. Atoms may be atoms, but things are also things, and men and women are men and women. The reality of men and women vanishes when we pull them to pieces by scientific or other methods. A brain and a body can *house* human thought and will, but cannot *produce* them, because a man is more than an assemblage of atoms and organs. This has become clear as thought has gone on. Right scientific-mindedness, therefore, aids the good temper by increasing and not *diminishing* wonder. Hence there is no quarrel fundamentally between the men of science and the poets—the latter of whom are the chief priests of the best temper which men can cherish toward themselves and their surroundings. It is the fact that we know nothing properly until we have seized it in every possible way with the senses and the imagination and marvelled at it — it is this fact which justifies the poet's assertion:

“Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty.”

To put the matter bluntly, none of us can live with decency until we have a good deal of the poet in us, and fortunately for us all children are born poets; and every common perception is a piece of poetry. We are all inspired with a superhuman vision when we say *blade of grass, bird, starry heaven, child, man*: and poetry keeps us permanently at this highest point of view. Have we not beheld mankind as Miranda beheld them when she gazed upon the first human being whom she had seen from beyond her island :

“I might call him
A thing divine ; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.”

Such was Shakespeare's temper in spite of Iago and Goneril and all that he knew of evil in the heart of men : and such is the good temper of all poets in spite of their occasional pessimism ; and of children ; and of the men and women who most resemble children.

There is a good temper then, of which I have endeavoured to catch the suggestion in ancient paganism, in mediæval cities, in modern science, and in poetry. I began by speaking of dignity of manners—a system of good temper—and the superiority of the animals over most of mankind in this respect. By their self-possession and tranquility, the animals and the plants and the waves of the sea seem to proclaim that all is well with themselves and with the world. They are at one with their surroundings ; and this their perfect relatedness is their dignity. From human beings, we receive too often just the contrary impression. They are full of melancholies and anxieties and fault-findings, and cynicism and complaints and objurgations. The ugliness which we accept about us in dress or furniture or house or city proclaims us not at home with ourselves and the wonder of the universe ; and the crudeness of too many of our thoughts revealed in commonplaceness of word or selfishness of act is a consequence of our lack of perception. It is true that we are greater than our thoughts, but we share in the task that has been carried on through all human ages of making human thoughts worthy of human nature.

For this, men search for the good temper—the temper that looks upon life in its fundamental relationship.

East and West, Simla. October 1918.

THINKING REEDS.

Whence come human thoughts? We do not know. *Out of our minds*, we say; little knowing what our minds are. We know not whence our thoughts come, nor even how they come. We are only conscious of them as we think them. There are times when we are fuller of thoughts than at others—when we meet a friend for instance, and our tongue is set free, or when we join a party going out for some pleasant excursion. Then our minds overflow with thoughts, such thoughts as suit the time and the place and the company in which we find ourselves—thoughts about one another, what we have been doing, what we are going to do, what has taken place, what is likely to take place;—such thoughts as brim over into conversation when lively persons meet. We cannot say whence our thoughts come, and we cannot say scientifically how they come, (the word psychology is just a decent covering for our ignorance); but we can say, pictorially, how they come—bubbling up at times from their sources like a spring on a hill-side. On the Yorkshire moorlands one may come across a place of stones all overgrown with mosses, and noisy with the rush of bubbling water. The water pours forth to the light of day from its underground channel, and pours on again into the darkness to continue its journey; and to the place where for a moment it shows itself come birds and horses and cattle to drink; and now and then come

children to play, or men and women to watch and listen. Thoughts are like these springs and wells by the wayside. We visit them, or they visit us, and we drink of them. Thoughts, like wells of water, are a gift.

One of the Hebrew prophets, Amos by name, who was himself a well of life-giving thought, springing up as it were in a very sandy desert, gives us a very high account of where thoughts come from. "God declareth into man what is his thought," says Amos, who having certain thoughts declared unto himself must needs speak them and bear the penalty which prophets have borne for being the messengers of greater thoughts than the thoughts of men around them. It has been felt in every age that reason is the sign of something divine in human nature. The reason in man is a bit of the reason in God—of the mind of God, revealed to us in natural ways; but nonetheless a revelation. The fountain of all knowledge and wisdom and truth is divine, and the more a man drinks of this fountain the more of the divine becomes resident within him. But the stream of thought in a man's mind is often muddy and troubled. There are thoughts that are not reasonable, and there are thoughts that are not healthy, and it is a problem how these thoughts get into the world and hold a place in our lives. The stream of thought in men, however, is always striving to make itself purer and clearer, to sing its own song, and to mirror the blue sky and living things round it with truer and brighter reflection. This is the character of human thought written upon every biography and upon every page of human history—this character of striving and of growing clearness. There is a great task laid upon the reason of mankind, of setting free

goodness and truth, bringing them forth from their deep places and establishing them in the world. It is the task of listening to the thoughts which the Eternal declares to us ; and each one of us who strives *to think truly, to make his thoughts clear, to grow in wisdom and knowledge*, accomplishes some part of the task which men come into the world to perform. Our own thoughts, as we quicken them from day to day, are instruments of human welfare.

Pascal, the great French thinker, said,—“Let us make it our study to think well, for this is the starting point of morals.”

This wonderful Pascal, when he was a boy, being forbidden to read books on account of his health, invented for himself a great part of the first book of Euclid. He was himself a well of thought, and he has said some of the most memorable things about thought.

“Man is but a reed” he said, “weakest in nature, but a reed which thinks. It needs not that the whole universe should arm to crush him. A vapour, a drop of water is enough to kill him. But were the universe to crush him man would still be more noble than that which has slain him, because he knows that he dies, and.....the universe knows nothing about this.....All our dignity, therefore, consists in thought. By this we must raise ourselves, not by space or duration, which we cannot fill.....Not from space must I seek my dignity, but from the ruling of my thought. I should have no more if I possessed whole worlds. By space the universe encompasses and swallows me as an atom ; by thought I encompass it.”

These words of a thinker—whose brave thou

were clouded over and diverted from their fearlessness by the ill-health which attacked his frame and caused him eventually to surrender the freedom of his mind—these bold words setting Man with his reason above Nature, are quite in keeping with a well-marked tendency of thought among men of science at the present day. Men of science to-day, a considerable number of them, seem to have rediscovered that Man with his mind, all living things in fact, bring into the arena of Nature something which Nature did not bestow, although Nature 'may become its nurse, something of another and higher world than the natural world, something from the world of immortal spirit. It is a fact, as Pascal asserted, that Man is greater than the universe as known to science (great as that is !), and that the sign of Man's greatness is the reason within him.

Let us turn to some more thinkers, and watch their thoughts, and see what account we can give of them or they can give of themselves. Take, for example, a man who was a very fountain of human thought and feeling, one whose mind lived and bathed itself in music—Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Mendelssohn, as he is called, was an inventor of music, and the word *inventor* far from explaining how thoughts come, simply means *finder*. Mendelssohn "found" music, almost at every moment of his life, being continually a composer, that is, one who *put together* the musical thoughts that came to him. We know what character is possessed by the stream of our own thoughts, constantly flowing—thoughts of business, of home, of care, of mirth ; Mendelssohn shared in such thoughts as these, but in addition to them there flowed music into his mind. Whereas you and I would describe

things, and give an account of our meanings in speech, Mendelssohn uttered and explained himself best in music. In his "Midsummer Night's Dream," for instance, he describes by means of music the solemn silence in the glades of woodland haunted by the moonbeams, and the breaking of the silence by the tiny tripping feet of fairies, and the revelries that they hold upon the secret sward at midnight. That is only one thing that Mendelssohn did. Songs and chants, inspiring or longing airs, overtures for orchestras of many instruments, choruses for the human voice—a river of rapture and melody pouring itself forth into all these modes of creation, expressing what no words can express, rushed through his mind and drowned his hearing. He had a well within him, springing up out of the unknown—a well of music.

I should like to have seen him when he was a boy, eleven or twelve years old, with that bright face of his and wonderful talent, astonishing all the world with its precosity. There are certain thoughts like music and mathematics which are often found fully born in all their glory in the minds of quite young children, as if they had never been acquired or learnt, as if they were an endowment—as what else can they be?—direct from an invisible world. Already at the age of twelve, Mendelssohn had written many musical compositions, and was able to render them on the piano with the power of inspiration. Great men would come to listen to him—kings, and greater than kings: the great Goethe himself. More like an angel than a boy to look upon with his curling auburn hair, bright, large, unfathomable eyes and lips smiling with innocence and candour! A wonder-child, with a gift that adult

men could not equal, for it was a thing that could not be matched by art or toil. And this young angel, forsaking his piano and the great friends gathered round him, would run and leap in his father's garden and climb up the trees like a squirrel.

Mendelssohn died young—at the age of thirty-eight. His intense mental activity made him old before his time, although he was full of work and energy to the last. He went on working until he fell at his work, and was unable to raise his head. The divine fire of thought sometimes burns up the bringer of it.

“Painting as well as Poetry and Music,” said William Blake, “exists and exults in immortal thoughts.” These words are very carefully chosen. William Blake believed that man's thoughts are immortal, that they come to him from “Heaven.” And to say that our thoughts are immortal is to say that *we* are immortal, for our thoughts are expressions of our spirit, of that in us which is of higher origin than the world about us, or at least—since all things have the same ultimate origin—nearer, from our point of view, to the divine. There is an immortal spirit within us which is the trustee of gifts to humanity, and to learn about our spirits, to make the discovery of ourselves in Painting and Poetry and Music and in all the great works of reason is (as Blake says).

To open the eternal worlds, to open the immortal
eyes

Of man inwards, into the worlds of thought, into
eternity,

Ever expanding in the bosom of God.

The ‘bosom of God’ for us is our thought, or as

Blake would say "the human imagination." Blake always felt that his thoughts were not his own, whenever he was writing or designing. "I may praise it," he said of one of his poems, "since I dare not pretend to be any other than the secretary ; the authors are in eternity."

Well—one need not be either a painter, a poet, or a musician to have this feeling. One need only love the truth ; one need only entertain the love of human good to know that there are thoughts that are declared to man, thoughts which it is well for a man to espouse and obey, even if they cost him the loss of his friends and fortune, even if they cost him his life ! When men join in a group to bring about some social improvement, does not a thrill of religious conviction run through them ? Are they not raised above themselves and inspired ? And further, though few of us may be to any great extent painters or poets or musicians, have we not felt enough of the power of painting and poetry and music to have done homage to it, and to understand why the great creators in any of these ways are universally worshipped ? "Man's Word," Tennyson says, "is God in man."

Poetry and painting and music are words of Man, social reform is a word of Man, Goodness and Knowledge and Truth are words of Man, for word means thought and thought means deed. All that man does and brings to light out of the profound in him is God in Man.

The character of our thoughts is very much in our own choice and keeping, although there are thoughts inaccessible to us just as there are thoughts inevitable to us. A prophet like Amos is not master of himself. A message is delivered to him, thoughts are declared to him, and he must speak, he cannot keep silence, although

he brings himself into trouble by speaking. Another Hebrew prophat, Jeremiah, confessed to the same experience. He wished that he could hold his tongue and not bring opposition and persecution upon himself, but he could not hold it. In the same way with Mendelssohn, in the same way with Blake, in the same way with many teachers or artists or inventors or men of action—something is given them to say, something forces itself upon them, and they can no more help carrying the message, or doing as they are impelled to do, than a lamb can help bleating, or a stream murmuring, or the waves of the sea roaring. But there is a darker side to this presentation of the facts of life—there are men born with evil tendencies which they must work out, and suffer for. Our will, however, is not without a measure of power against evil thoughts. We can welcome healthy thoughts and make a place for them in our lives, and we can discourage unhealthy thoughts and strive against them. It is true that it is our thoughts which make ourselves and not we who make our thoughts (and a good thing it is so!) and yet it is within our power to do a great deal on our own part to keep the stream of thought within us fresh and clear and wholesome. One of the best things we can do is to keep well, for melancholy or obnoxious thoughts cannot find much entertainment where the spirits are lively, and lively spirits are much a matter of health. We have at hand also the power of occupation, of making ourselves actively useful, of joining the company of the workers for the good of the world, and so inviting into our minds the health-giving companionship of hopes, purposes, ideals and duties. and further, we can live in the society of men and women

who have done and are doing well. We can love science and art, we can love all high things like poetry and prophecy. We can take our part in intellectual and social movements, and as we do this we shall waken the best thoughts and feelings in our breasts, and discover the depths within us whence arises the power that can make each one of us Thinking Reeds.

The Modern Reivew, December 1912.

A SON OF LIGHT

Amos Bronson Alcott bears a very high name among American men of eminence, as a saint, and a sage and an educationist. He is even better known perhaps as the father of the famous novelist, or story teller, Lotisa Bronson Alcott, a name to be spoken with reverence. I learn from his biographer that Alcott began life as a pedlar. When he was a young man looking about him for a start in life, he felt that he was born to be a teacher,—a teacher of children in schools,—and he obeyed the impulse to search for a post in a school where he could begin to apply himself to his true vocation. No such post however was to be found, and so Alcott set off and before he had finished made several journeys from his home with a trunk constantly replenished with “tortoise shell combs, thimbles, scissors, articles of ornament for ladies, puzzles and picture books for children, spectacles, razors, and many other wares for men,—besides needles, buttons, sewing silk,” etc. The United States at that time, early in the nineteenth century, evidently thought that there was more need of pedlars than of teachers, or perhaps the idea was that peddling was a good training or apprenticeship for a teacher. If this latter was the thought, as I fear it was not, it was not so far from the mark, because peddling is, or at least used to be, a very humanising occupation. Wordsworth envied it, and eventually made a hero (not to speak of Peter Bell) out of a pedlar. George Borrow became a pedlar—with Bibles, and

Alcott may have owed some knowledge of life and of the districts through which he travelled to his peddling. He suffered at last, however, from a severe illness and from a fit of extravagance in which he spent not only his profits but his entire capital upon clothes! Finally he decided that he was made neither for a business man nor a dandy, but must give himself to the work of education, or to nothing.

When at last he is established in a school, he takes us by surprise by exhibiting himself as a fully equipped educational reformer. He seemed to have nothing to learn of discontent with existing methods and ideals of school-mastering, and so rapid was his introduction of novelty after novelty, that parents began to be distrustful of him; and regard him as a youthful and uncompromising innovator who was simply bent on turning the world upside down. Partly owing to this cause and partly owing to other circumstances, none of the schools that Alcott set up was of long continuance. Nor did matters improve as Alcott lost his youthfulness, and became a married man and a father. Here he was, a born teacher, —though wiser in his intuitions and his aims perhaps than in his methods—who had the hardest work in the world to gain the most meagre living, whilst his brave wife and unconscious children were always in need, and sometimes going to live rent-free in houses which friends lent to them out of compassion. Alcott, as a true son of light, had adopted a principle which in those days meant penury as it would in our own. Nothing, Alcott had decided, as Emerson said of him, —“nothing was to be done for the mere sake of getting money if it would not be worth doing for its own sake also.” His business was

to keep school, and he must keep school in the best way known to him or not at all. And it was for the sake of this principle that wife and children went short. The question is whether Alcott seeing his wife and children suffering, would not have been justified in so far waiving his principle as to earn his living by a compromise with the traditional method. Alcott thought not and his wife did not try to influence his conscience. She took her share of the consequences of the decision, and bore her difficult life uncomplainingly.

Such examples of sensitiveness of conscience are rare in the West outside Russia. I once knew a man who was living in the extremity of want because all the ordinary means of earning a livelihood appeared to him to be dishonest. A bookseller, a friend of his, volunteered to find him employment. "Come and sell books for me in my shop," said his friend, "and I will pay you wages." But the unhappy victim of principle objected: "I cannot possibly do that. I do not mind selling books—books of science, art, history literature — real books. But how can I sell comic papers? How can I sell trash? How can I sell photograph frames and other rubbish which people put in their houses? This kind of high conscientiousness, which the future alone will know how to justify, was Alcott's kind of conscientiousness. It led, of course, both in my friend's case and in Alcott's case, to a great deal of poverty a great deal of debt, and a great deal of dependence upon other people. It led, that is to say, to a certain kind of dishonourableness; but there are men who if they have to choose between the dishonourableness of being a burden upon their creditors and friends and the dishonourableness of being untrue to themselves, will think the former the lesser evil.

Such men are in the minority, at least in the West, and when they are sincere they are very remarkable and interesting. A minister of religion who met Alcott in his early days as a teacher wrote of him.

"I have never but in one instance been so immediately taken possession of by any man I ever met in life. He was a radical in all matters of reform; went to the root of all theories, especially the subjects of education, mental and moral culture."

The innovations which Alcott introduced into educational methods consisted first of all in great changes in the schoolroom. He demanded better surroundings altogether for the children, better light, better seats, better lesson books than were then provided; and he even went beyond the requirements of our own day in demanding all manner of objects of art to be kept in the schoolroom. Then he made changes in the manner and the matter of teaching. The first thing he insisted on was courtesy and kindness from scholar to scholar and from himself to them all. He did not altogether banish the cane, but he had it laid sometimes on his own back, as well as on the offender's, in illustration it is said of the principle that in this world the good suffer equally with the guilty. The whole school suffered when any one scholar deserved punishment. Then Alcott made education begin not with reading or writing, not with the hand or the memory, but with the imagination and the affections. His first attempt was always to get hold of a child's liking, and then come to some moral understanding with it as to why it had come to school, and then to begin the work of appealing to the child's interest, pleasure, curiosity, admiration—all that faculty or group of facul-

ties we call by the name of imagination. For Alcott, education was undoubtedly first and foremost a matter of imagination and conduct. Not an acquaintance with books made an educated man in his eyes, but a good will, a heart in the right place, sympathies on the right side. Men crammed full of learning but unable to love men were not educated men—at least Alcott did not think them so.

What actually went on in Alcott's schools? The first hour after the children arrived in the mornings was given to play in the school ground. Then the children were called into the schoolroom to listen to a tale. An hour was spent with the tale taken out of the Bible or the *Pilgrim's Progress* or Spencer's *Fairy Queen* or some other work of imagination, and remarks were made upon the story both by the children and the teacher. Then began lessons in spelling, reading, drawing; and nothing, said Alcott, "was presented to the children without making it interesting to them, and thus securing their voluntary attention." Hence the prominent place which Alcott gave to the story. "Intellectual results" said Alcott, "will follow the discipline of the sentiments; for in these lie the guiding energies of the whole being. —The heart is the seat of action,...influence this and the whole being feels the touch."

With this object in view, Alcott spent more money than he could afford upon works of art for the school room. Emerson said of him that in his school in Boston, "when he had made the schoolroom beautiful he looked upon the work of education as half done." He had for instance, for the children to see everyday, a head of Jesus, a bust of Plato, of Socrates, of Shakespeare, of Milton, a portrait

of Dr. Channing, a landscape painting, other pictures and sundry casts. Everything was done to enable the children to feel at home with the finest and best influences.

In addition to the story and the work of art, Alcott relied upon conversation. He gathered the children round him and began to talk to them and question them in order to draw out their own ideas. We are told how when a number of newcomers entered the school, Alcott got them into a circle, boys and girls together, and asked them: "What have you come to school for?" "To learn." "To learn what?" "Reading and writing," say the children, mentioning what has been said to them at home. "Is that all?" asks Alcott. The children think, and by and by one child is brought to the point of saying "To behave well." Alcott then asks them what they mean by behaving well, and he draws them on into explaining that they mean thinking rightly, feeling rightly and acting rightly. Then the conversation turns to discipline, attention, self-control, obedience, and the like. Did they think correction necessary? Yes, they did. They would even prefer to be corrected rather than left to their faults. I find it difficult from this account to say, however, whether the method of conversation was really successful or not. Emerson had a favourable impression of it. Having been present one day in the school when the gospel of John was the subject of the talk, Emerson wrote in his diary; "I think the experiment of engaging young children upon questions of taste and truth successful." A little boy less than seven years old struck Emerson as having "something wonderful and divine about him. He is a youthful prophet."

Alcott published some of the conversations upon

the Gospels he had had with the children, and the publication aroused a storm. It was evident from the book how different Alcott's religious ideas were from those usually held, and even the Unitarians began to shrink from Alcott in spite of Emerson's remonstrances. The storm greatly weakened the school, which still kept open its doors however until Alcott admitted a negro child to share in the lessons. That was the last straw. The indignant and religious-minded parents took their children away, and left the teacher to starve if he would for his principles. Rather than turn a little negro child away from his doors, Alcott and his brave wife with him submitted once more to hardship.

I think that was the end of Alcott's schoolmastering, but not of his ideal enterprises. The next experiment in which he engaged was that of starting with two or three friends in a community upon a farm, for the sake of living close to nature, for the sake of cultivating fields and orchards in innocence and freedom from the commercial spirit, and for the sake of cultivating the mind as well as the ground. The diet of the community was to be vegetarian. Well, the enterprise lasted for a little while and then the friends who had joined in the plan forsook the farm one after another, and Alcott and his family remained behind in dire straits, in the severity of mid-winter, until friends came to the rescue and brought them away. That failure nearly cost Alcott his life. He retired to his chamber, refused food, and was on the point of dying from grief and abstinence when his wife prevailed upon him to continue longer in this world that spreads so rough a path for the feet of idealists.

Thereafter Alcott, while his wife set to work to earn

what she could of a livelihood for her husband and her four girls, became a teacher of grown men and women, holding conversations upon religion and philosophy and art in drawing rooms and lecture rooms, travelling far and wide to carry these conversations on, and receiving for them very little money. Poverty is the faggot of present-day martyrdom. They say that Alcott was very wonderful to listen to that his talk could not be reproduced with its full impressiveness in print, and that he spoke with far more power than he wrote in any of the books he published. Emerson thought him the most lofty and profound-seeing mind he had ever encountered. And Emerson, by the way, often acted the part of the true friend by contributing large gifts of money to Mrs. Alcott's household expenses. Let us think then of Alcott the seer going about the world poor, and with his high mind, a real teacher and prophet and hero. On his return from one of his journeys penniless in pocket, his daughter Louisa met him at the railway station—the daughter who was afterwards so famous. "His dress was neat and poor," Louisa wrote in her diary after this meeting with her father. "He looked thin and cold as an icicle, but serene as God." I think it is for these words that I have written this paper. What a father. And what a daughter.

Louisa by and by with her tales and stories earned enough money to take the weight of hardship off her mother, and provide her father with the peace and quietness that ought to have been his, although he could not provide them for himself.

Alcott was the beholder of a vision which except in his life and by means of his discourse was incommunicable

and unrevealed. His personality was profounder than his experiments on farm or in school: but who can doubt that a child was fortunate who was committed to his charge? When he died his vision departed with him, and nothing now remains of his inspiration and his secret save the bare memory of them, not sufficient to be called a record, preserved in the affectionate and grateful tributes of Emerson and other friends.

The Modern Review September 1912.

NOTES.

NOTES

EDITOR'S NOTE

Page iv

Line

- 7 **luminous**—light-giving, emitting light.
- 9 **concomitants**—that which goes with.
- 10 **mitigate**—to alleviate, to counteract.
- 22 **Walt Whitman** A great American poet—acknowledged to be the **Poet of Democracy**. Without doubt he belongs to the prophet line of humanity. His **Leaves of Grass** is a bible to many. It is to me.

Page v

- 2 **incompatibilities**—not agreeing with one another.
- 14 **mundane**—earthly.
- 17 **inimical**—unfriendly, not pleasant.

Page vi

- 3 **Dr. Brajendranath Seal**—noted Bengali of towering intellect.
- 9 **No sooner..... India vanished**—Paradox is a truth that contains an apparent contradiction. Here the paradox is that when Bombay appeared India disappeared—the India that Dr Seal had revealed to him at sea.

Page vii

- 7 **free-thinking**—free-thinking in religion implies much more than not believing blindly any particular dogmas. That is merely negative and might be no-thinking. Free-thinking is thoughtfulness—the search for truth and the acceptance of spiritual ideas from any source.
- 23 **activist way of life**—It was the way life was **lived** that mattered, not what one thought or said about it. By **living the life** new values are created.

LETTER TO MARGARET HOLDEN

Page vii

title This is one of the letters in **Indian Dust**, published in 1932. Margaret Holden is the wife of one of England's most famous architects, Charles Holden. She is author of **Near Neighbours**, an exquisite book about birds, and translator of the **Life of a Simple Man**.

Line

Page viii

1 **Garden of Eden**—A Garden of Innocence, before evil was known.

8 **Oriel windows**—large airy windows projecting from the wall of an upper storey to catch the maximum of air.

Page 1

title "A Joy for Ever"—Refer to page 8 for the lines of Keats from which the title is taken. They occur in the poem entitled **Endymion**.

2 **a rebuke.....and feelings**—This implies that we must not be content with such thoughts and feelings and the "dangerous adventure" referred to is in the fact that Keats will make us discontented with them.

3 **legitimate adventure**—an adventure that justifies itself, literally: lawful, permissible.

claims his inheritance—takes advantage of that which has been left to him.

7 **Differential Calculus**—a mathematical term.

8 **Ode toto Mala**—two poems by Keats.

14 **What is Beauty?**—The question is answered in this essay, as far as it is possible for the writer to answer it.

17 **dull or ordinary or tedious**—the writer's interpretation of 'commonplace'.

23 **a pretty face**—It is curious but a pretty face often goes with an empty head. Prettiness is of the exterior or the surface - such, for instance, as facial make up with lipstick and rouge. A made-up face is pretty but not beautiful.

Page 2

9 **a forest in itself**—spreading very wide and rooting its branches in the ground so that it appears to be more than one tree.

Line

- 12 **masterpiece the cat**—perfect in poise, either for restfulness or alertness.
- 17 **When Nature made.....the Indian scene**—beauty created by the atmospheric conditions under which even ungainly objects are transfigured.
23. **playful moods**—when she is amusing.
- 30 **her crescent form.....full face**—a delicate compliment to his readers who were Muslim students, the essay appearing in **The Crescent**, the Islamia College magazine.

page 3

- 4 **one does not notice.....college professors**—This passage was written in playful mood. These playful passages abound in the writings of P. E. R. even when he is most serious.
- 9 **A tendency.....argument**—He believed, on the contrary, that humour was the reverse.
- 14 **quick eyes**—observant eyes.
- 19 **stars looked down upon perfection**—lines inspired by Tagore.
- 27 **commonplace time in England**—an industrial period when so many were preoccupied with manufacture and money-making.

page 4

- 1 **riding far back**—on the hind legs, as donkey boys in the Punjab usually do.
- 24 **enriching themselves.....national treasury**—industrialization, as well as enriching the industrialist also enriches the country.
- 26 **its quiver.....commonplace men**—its large family of energetic etc.
- 27 **hard upon Keats**—because it meant that the majority of men could not appreciate him.
- 28 **"A thing of beauty.....whether he'd sleep"**—Had P. E. R. not lived in Halifax, in Lancashire, as he did as a young man during his first ministry (Unitarian) he could not have written this passage. His rooms were in a house

in such a street and the clatter of early morning clogged feet must often have awakened him. Clogs are wooden-footwear.

Page 5

Line

- 22 **It was a good thing.....person as John Keats**—Here his appreciation for both the manufacturer and the poet is shown. Substitute the word England by India and Keats by Tagore to extract the full sense of these lines.

Page 6

- 1 **only a half truth.....people**—A saying constantly on the lips of P. E. R. was: **The half is greater than the whole.** This cryptic saying is clarified by these lines.
- 22 **the one goal**—This goal, according to Aristotle (384 B. C.) was “intellectual happiness.”

IMPROMPTU NOTES ON THE GITANJALI

Page 7

Impromptu—a French word anglicized in pronunciation, colloquially. Literally, it means without prompting; that is, spontaneous, without deliberation.

Gitanjali—A book of poems by Rabindranath Tagore.

Page 8

- 3 **“unbroken perfection is over all”**—These are the words that inspired “the stars look down upon perfection” in the preceding essay.

Page 9

- 10 **pantheist**—one who finds God everywhere and in everything.
- 20 **anthropomorphism**—God as Person in human form. According to Christian teaching Man was created in the image of God—so God must be in the form of man.

Line

- the only true religion**—The implication is that true religion is all-inclusive and universal—it shuts none out—not even the extremes of pantheism and anthropomorphism.
- 30 **devotee**—one who tries to please the object of his adoration by making offerings and by praise and prayer.

Page 10

- 7 **pietist**—one who performs pious acts of prayer and service to his unseen deity.
- 25 **signet**—seal, stamp.

Page 11

- 16 **Because..... from song**—P. E. R. believed in the mystic not quality of Poetry—with a capital P ofcourse. Not all poets are Poets. Mere verse writing does not make a poet any more than mere drawing and painting makes an artist.
- 31 **not excluding..... making notes**—It often happens in the writings of P. E. R. that he follows a deep and illuminating passage with a light touch. He does so here. Note that preceding these deeply illuminating pages on Tagore is the light touch contained in the words "Hear then what nothing has to say."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES**Page 28**

- 22 **finale**—the wind-up of the talk.
- 24 **cloud-capt without and within**—implies that clouds were overhead when they found themselves in the street after leaving the coffee-house in which clouds of their tobacco smoke had risen to the ceiling.
- 3 **ethereal**—more than earthly.
- 3 **diabolic**—devilish.

*Line***Page 29**

- 4 **and half fancied.....a spinning top**—the gleams of fire in the still and dreamy eyes of Teufelsdröckh that revealed the spinning of his thoughts suggested that their stillness was but “the rest of infinite motion” as in a top at full spin—which appears to be still.
- 8 **habiliments**—clothing.
12. **in petto**—in small—in miniature.
- 20 **marked successively**—each of the six paper bags were marked in gold ink with a sign of the zodiac in ordered sequence with the numbers, beginning with Libra (the 7th Sign).
- 21 **Zodiacal**—The signs of the zodiac are twelve in number. Astrologists believe that the stars affect the destinies of man, according to their ascendancy at the moment of his birth.
- 21 **Libra**—the 7th sign of the zodiac lies between Virgo and Scorpio. Libra is said by astrologists to influence persons born in the month of September.
- 24 **scarce legible**—nearly impossible to decipher.
- 27 **enigmatic**—puzzling—difficult to understand. Enigma means riddle.
- 30 **with great labour**—because of the unsatisfactory rambling material he had to work upon.
- 31 **in Teufelsdröckh's understanding**—that is, in Carlyle's understanding.

Page 31

- 11 **whosoever**—the individual: **whatsoever**—the body.
- 14 **pregnant**—full—full of meaning.
- 18 **Clothing**—is spelt with a capital because it connotes something that is infinitely more than the word that expresses it. So with Beauty in the opening essay on Keats.
- 18 **essence of all Science**—Here the word science is dignified with a capital because it means more than physical science. Science is the search for fact, truth reality—in

whatever sphere it works, physical or spiritual, mundane or supramundane.

Line

Page 32

- 16 shovel hat**—the shape of hat worn by respectable persons—evidently rather resembling a shovel.
- 21 venerable**—to hold in reverence, to be revered. This word is usually associated with age and particularly with old age.
- 26 Hardly entreated brother!**—paraphrased: Oh you who have been so crippled!
- 29 for daily bread**—not for himself alone but for all of us—for society.
- 31 A second man I honour**—the Teacher—not only academic. It includes thinkers, writers, artists, scientists and others. Their labour is also labour though their instruments are the brain and the imagination and not the hand.

Page 33

- 5 These two**—workers, both physical and intellectual. He had no use for idlers who to him are “chaff and dust.”
- 24 will mark his favourite passage**—not with a pencil, if it be a library book!
- 26 the wisdom which no human ear ever heard**—because it is infinite, and therefore not expressible in finite terms. It is “the inaudible harmony” of Henry David Thoreau—the Implicit.

A WRITER AND A HERO

Page 34

Title The hero is Stevenson himself—not on the battlefield or in any spectacular manner. He battled against ill health, and won—not that he overcame it, but in that he did not allow it to overcome him.

- 13 log house**—a rude and primitive structure—made even of logs of wood, or any rough material that could possibly serve in building construction. You must be familiar with the phrase “from log cabin to White House.”

Line

- 13 **doulboons**—a Spanish gold coin, worth about one pound, sterling.

Page 38

- 1 **untiring and unflagging spirit**—in spite of ill health.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GAMES**Page 51**

title The deeper meaning of games.

- 5 **curriculum**—the prescribed order of studies.

- 6 **no rival**—the study of science and living languages are rivals to Latin and Greek.

Page 52

- 23 **priggishness**—a sense of superiority in intellectual matters.

Page 54

- 2 **scrimmage**—a huddled mass of struggling players.

- 3 **disparagingly**—in uncomplimentary terms.

- 12 **egotism**—thinking too constantly of oneself.

Page 55

- 32 **Many a graduate of Oxford..... "Ease ho."**—In this passage he reveals himself, and his "chance memory" finds exquisite expression in the serene beauty and tenderness of the last three lines.

Page 56

- 8 **cox**—the man, of small stature, who sits in the bows facing the eight rowers and directs them. **Ease ho**, means to slacken speed.

Page 57

- 1 **routs**—defeats.

- 16 **ally**—the man of your own team.

- 22 **beleaguer**—besiege.

Page 58

- 9 **make-believe**—simulated, feigned.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

title paraphrase : **the hidden springs of public speaking**—the natural working of the mind that makes for utterance.

sub title A Digression—In this essay the “ digression ” is so important that the original title of “ Upon Helping the World ” was dropped in its favour.

Page 61

Line

27 **Play-actor of feeling**—the simulator of feeling—put on, not felt.

Page 63

14 **a walk by the sea waves**—This sentence wrote itself because he was aware that he was writing for students in Bombay.

Page 64

4 **I hate people.....gratitude for it**—The first two sentences of this passage are naughty overstatements, immediately atoned for by the sentences that follow.

16 **Solecism**—an offence against correctness, either in grammar or behaviour.

25 **a grind**—difficult to bring about—one must work for it.

Page 65

19 **Hercules**—a Greek hero who performed twelve labours of prodigious strength.

OF COLLEGE DRAMATIC SOCIETIES

Page 67

1 **discountenanced**—not looked upon with favour.

2 **when it fails.....kind of criticism**—that is, when the plays put on are of a rather low standard.

3 **encouraged to convert itself**—be stimulated to put on a better kind of play.

7 **the root of the matter in him**—really capable of directorship, an expert.

22 **mooted**—suggested and being considered.

Page 68

3 **the cast**—the list of characters and the actors cast for them.

Page 69

Line

- 27 **sounds.....Shakespeare**—This is to be taken literally, in the light of his philosophy of Poetry. The language of the soul is sound, not words.

Page 70

- 1 **delinquent**—the culprit, the man who has mispronounced.
- 6 **ecstasy**—signifies a getting beyond oneself—out of one's body, as it were, oblivious of the physical. This experience can happen, spontaneously, through an experience of love or beauty. It can also be induced by religious exercises, such as meditation, prayer and even mortification. In the Muharrum procession, fanatical self-flagellation causes ecstatic self-forgetfulness. Ecstasy can also be induced by alcoholic intoxication and drug-taking.
- 13 **But to return.....a painful thing !**—This passage is full of implicit instruction for the would-be director of a staged play.
- 29 **instincts have postulated**—imagined necessary (took for granted) because we had never thought about it.

Page 71

- 11 **vestments**—a dignified word for garments worn on solemn occasions usually ecclesiastical or of State, when ordinary clothes are superseded.
- 13 **doublet**—a close-fitting upper garment with or without sleeves.
- 14 **jerkin**—a close-fitting upper garment, jacket or waistcoat, made of leather.

Page 73

- 1 **a concert**—Please note that a concert is understood to be musical and to call it a musical concert, as is usually done, is very bad English,
- 8 **A University.....literary criticism**—I would draw the particular attention to these lines of University authorities—from Professor to Principal up to Vice-Chancellor and Chancellor.

Page 64

Line

29 the thing.....been done—by the Dyal Singh College, Lahore,
from 1912 to 1915.

29 and if the effort were sustained—If !

A GOOD MAN

Page 77

It has not been necessary to make any notes on this dialogue which proves the value of the dialogue form as a medium of instruction and the imparting of ideas. Being a direct medium it is most explicit, only to be rivalled by dramatic dialogue, which fact should stimulate educational authorities to realize the necessity of Drama in Education.

THE VILLAGE AND THE TOWN

Page 81

sub title

A Rejected Masterpiece—The meaning of the sub-title will become clear when the letter to the Editor of **The Union** is read. The whole letter typifies the humour that is interwoven with the seriousness of the writings of P. E. R.

1 **Dear Mr. Editor**—He himself was the editor, which fact enhances the humour.

3 **Your highly esteemed journal**—In a press letter the customary manner of reference to the paper to which it is sent is **your esteemed paper** (or journal). Here the word **highly** is added to characterize the exuberance of the student-writer. The letter is a skit on students' letters.

4 **to carry away the prize**—student's cocksureness is here indicated.

9 **the examiner's.....infallible**—a more or less polite way of expressing what the student would have put in rougher language.

10 **another shock in examiners**—He had evidently failed in the said examination.

Line

- 24 **Here is the play**—From now on, the student, as writer of the dialogue, disappears. It could not have been written by a student. The letter to the editor was an after-thought, possibly after having passed the notice of a play-writing competition for **The Union**.

Page 85

- 26 **But God Knows..... dwindling**—Here the Professor's passion for the country takes possession of him and getting beyond himself he becomes eloquent. The whole speech is dramatic. In it is no redundant word or sentence. That is, no word or sentence could be eliminated without marring the whole.

Page 86

- 16 **diwindling**—shrinking, getting smaller.

- 1 **Then lat me go.... come with me ?**

This speech also is dramatic, but in the last two lines it lapses into mere conversation. To make it good dramatic dialogue the two sentences that follow "you have set me free" should be cut as they are redundant (superfluous). The last sentence could be bettered by changing **cannot you** into **can you not**.

ON BEING AN EXCEPTION**Page 89**

- 1 **Wise discipline.....power**—The sudden beginning and immediate coming to the point of the dialogue reveals the urgency of the subject in the mind of the writer. He was probably smarting under the indiscipline of a student or several students. He did not even personalize the voice—another indication of urgency.
- 10 **I was lately fined.....presenting the application**—Note the underlying humour of this passage, enhanced by the unconsciousness of the student that by every word he was saying he was incriminating himself more and more and proving to the hilt that indiscipline is a waste of power.

Line

Page 90

- 3 **My words.....circle of readers**—An artful way of securing the attention of his student-readers, among whom most probably would be the very students or students who had offended against discipline.
- 29 **metaphorical**—in this case imaginary.

Page 91

- 7 **What a pity!**—This is a humorous way of implying that the student was indisciplined.
- 32 **Alas!**—This ejaculation seems to show that, to the student, college discipline was rather a bore—and he did not want to hear about it.

Page 93

- 3 **their father's selfdenied money**—spending money on their children's education, often means not being able to spend on other things of importance. To waste such money is a very serious offence on the part of a son or a daughter.

Page 96

Line

- 29 These last five lines are a lovely touch. They contain much more than humour.

THE TEMPER OF AGNOSTICISM

Page 99

Title

- Temper.**—The word as used here (and as frequently later on) indicates mood or disposition and has nothing to do with irritability or anger.
- Agnosticism**—that nothing is known or can be known about God or anything beyond the physical as phenomena.
- 13 **to brood**—to dwell on, sullenly.
- 25 **superhuman**—more than human, surpassing the human.

Page 100

- 31 **wine-biber**—one who drinks too often. It is a milder word than drunkard.
- 5 **symbol**—a symbol typifies something else.

Page 101

Line

- 11 **creeds**—systematized religious belief.

Page 102

- 6 **romance**—literary expression of pleasant and heart-stirring incidents that are remote from everyday life.
- 13 **In verses . . . the rose**—beauty of detail rather than of the whole.

Page 103

- 6 **burden**—oft repeated phrase.
- 15 **rigour**—strength, force.
- 17 **to hide ostriches**—that is, to keep their minds closed, to stop their ears so that they cannot hear.
- 31 **faith**—belief (religious) in something that is beyond one's power of understanding.

Page 104

- 28 **detrimental**—harmful.

Page 105

- 22 **in the general colour of our lives**—that is, in the temper of our lives.

Page 106

- 25 **pending**—until such time, or, waiting until.

Page 108

- 14 **one of all believers**—Jesus Christ.

THE RELIGION OF WALT WHITMAN

Title

Walt Whitman—a towering personality—Poet Prophet. Whitman was born in America. On the paternal side he descended from early New England puritans. His mother was Dutch.

Page 109

- 6 **the proverbial may be hidden needles**—There is a proverbial English saying that if anything is difficult to find it is like “looking for needles in a haystack.”

Page 110

- 2 **Unitarian Church**—Unitarians are theists but free-thinkers. They do not believe that Jesus of Nazareth was God Incarnate, nor in the Christian Doctrine of the Trinity. Advocates of unity in religion-universality.

Line

- 24 **Edward Carpenter**—Philosophic socialist writer and ardent apostle of The Simple Life. His best known book is **Towards Democracy** and is in direct succession to Whitman's **Leaves of Grass**—written in less rugged style but not nearly so powerful. The popular English labour hymn **England Arise** was from his pen.

Page 112

- 14 **real democracy**—To realize what Whitman meant by "real democraey" one must read his **Democratic Vistas**.

Page 114

- 22 **This language.....our glass house**—This passage gains in significance when we realize that a minister of religion was writing it. It was most probably written during his Walsall ministry in the Black Country of Staffordshire.

Page 116

- 11 **Walt Whitman.....Walt Whitman belonged**—These are very great words and I do not think the writer of them knew how great they were. The Church of Humanity is a church "not built with hands"—the only one to which a Whitman could belong.

THE RELIGION OF CHARLES DARWIN

Page 117

- 11 **epoch-making theory**—a theory that made the beginning of a new era.
- 13 **adduced**—cited as proof.

Page 118

- 8 **burst like... of sleepers**—awakened them suddenly.
- 29 **temper**—disposition.

Page 119

- 4 **theologian**—one who is well versed in theology, the nature of God.

Page 122

- 32 **finitude**—limited consciousness of being.

A GOOD TEMPER

Page 125

title A Good Temper—The word temper has occurred so often on these pages that it is no longer necessary to say that, as used, it has nothing to do with irritability or anger. In this essay, however, the words are put under the microscope, as it were, and stand for more than disposition or mood.

Line

8 **It is the temper....relationship**—the attitude of mind to life itself.

Page 130

4 **insensitive to ugliness**—have no sense of beauty.
16 **when peace is restored**—This was written during the first world war, 1914-1918.

Page 133

1 **exigencies**—imperative demands.

Page 134

4 **pessimism**--depressing thoughts.

THINKING REEDS

Page 135

Title

Reeds—see page 137, line 18. Man is Gret.....thinks.

16 **psychology**—science of functions of the human mind.

17 **Pictorially**—make a picture of how they come.

Page 136

3 **We visit them or they visit us**—We visit the springs or wells and drink of them (by reading the thoughts of others) or they visit us by giving us thoughts to express.

4 **are a gift**—are free, not to be paid for.

Page 139

9 **longing**—yearning.

9 **overtures**—musical compositions that precede a suite of music — an opening piece.

10 **orchestras**—an orchestra is a combination (a band) of performers on various musical instruments, playing harmonized music.

10 **Chrouses**—many voices singing together harmonized music.

Line

19 **precocity**—the knowing of things by a child far beyond its years.

30 **auburn**—brown, with a reddish, golden tinge.

Page 140

22 **trustee**—one who holds anything in trust for another.

Page 141

1 **imagination**—imāgination has been called “the eye of the mind.”

5 **secretary**—scribe, the one whose task is to write down, not to originate.

10 **espouse**—to wed, that is, to make one’s own.

A SON OF MIGHT**Page 144**

7 **a pedlar**—one who hawks goods from door to door—pedlar is derived from the foot and implies the act of walking.

19 **evidently thought**—this is ironical for it had no thought on the matter—it was indifferent.

22 **If this latter.....it was not**—as he knew it was not, there being no thought at all. The whole of the passage ; **The United States.....humanizing occupation**—is throbbing with feeling—resentment against the States for allowing such a genius as Alcott to be thrown away on ‘peddling.’

27 **George Borrow**—an authority on gipsies. He loved a roving life which is probably why he peddled in Bibles. (Bibles is spelt with a capital **B** because it was the Christian bible that he was hawking—had it been written with a small **b** he might have been selling assorted bibles, including the Koran and other holy scriptures.) Borrow wrote a book entitled “The Bible in Spain.” I have not read it so I cannot say if it had anything to do with his peddling. Probably it had. P. E. R., himself a rover, was attracted by the romance of a pedlar’s occupation. His pen-name of “Holbein Bagman” (see Editor’s Note, line 11.) stood for a man who peddled engravings of famous pictures.

Page 145

Line

- 6 **business man nor a dandy**—neither a pedlar nor a wearer of fine clothes.
- 9 **when at last.....educational reformer**—He had the root of the matter in him and was years ahead of his time.
- 16 **innovator**—an experimenter in new methods.
- 29 **penury**—lack of money.

Page 146

- 12 **I once knew a man**—Constantin Sarantchoff, a Russian, to whom the opening letter in **Indian Dust** was written.

Page 147

- 10 **The innovations.....think them so**—This long passage should be taken to heart by educationists.

Page 151

- 2 **a teacher of grown men and women**—this is the real meaning of Adult Education, of which mere literacy does not even touch the fringe. It means the cultivating of the minds of people in the world, all classes. It is a supplement to the instruction they had in schools.
- 6 **Poverty.....martyrdom**—Martyrs used to be burned at the stake, as Joan of Arc was. There are no such religious martyrs nowadays, but there are plenty of social martyrs, whose faggot is poverty.

